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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Whatever we may think of his conclusions, and as they consign to everlasting perdition all who are out of the Roman Catholic Church, we cannot regard them with much affection;—but whatever we may think of some of his conclusions, we cannot deny, that in many respects Mr. Brownson is the most clear and vigorous writer in America. He has certainly the most wonderful skill in proving what he undertake to prove. The October number of his Review contains, among other things, an article on Transcendentalism, taking Mr. Parker's Discourse of Religion as his text. It is the last of a series, written all with remarkable force, and showing up with singular ability the pretensions and shallowness of that whole system of Philosophy.

The following may serve as specimens of the article before us, and, seriously, we cannot but think it pretty nearly the true state of the case.

"No comments are necessary to show that this theory, which is at present so highly esteemed in Germany, is really nothing but another form of stating what the world has known under the name of French Philosophy, or French Atheism. At bottom it is simply the doctrine we find in the *Systeme de la Nature*, attributed to Baron d'Holbach, as M. Leroux, though virtually adopting it himself, has very clearly shown, *in one of the numbers of his Revue Independante* for 1843. This sublime doctrine does not seem to be wholly unknown to our American Transcendentalists, and we find decided traces of it in *The Present*, a periodical lately published in New York and edited by a man of whom we had the right to hope something better, and of whom, if God preserve his reason, we dare yet hope something better, for he seems to us a man of singular purity and ingenuousness; and we also not unfrequently find traces of it in Mr. Parker. But whether Mr. Parker adopts its view of inspiration we are not able to say. He has read much, but digested little. He brings together scraps from Plato, Plotinus, Proclus, Julian, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Schleiermacher, De Wette, Schelling, Coleridge, Jacobi, Locke, Cudworth, Voltaire, Cousin, George Fox, Benjamin Constant, and Tom Paine, but throws them together in such singular confusion, that, with the best intentions in the world to do him justice, we find it all but impossible to determine what is the precise view he would be willing to have us take as his own. But systematizing his general views as well as we are able, and making him as coherent and consequent as possible, we take him to hold inspiration to be the spontaneous activity of the universal and impersonal nature, which, in itself considered, is God, is, as to its essential qualities, power, wisdom, and goodness, and therefore its action is always the action of wisdom and goodness, or, from the point of view of reason, truth, of the affections, goodness, and the sentiments, beauty. Being power or *vis activa*, it is necessarily active, and from within, by its own inherent laws. As its nature never varies, its quantity of action and the direction of its action must be always the same. It is a sort of machine fixed in immensity, immovable under all forms, and generating and supplying to each the quantity of inherently wise, good, and beautiful power each needs, or has the capacity to receive. It is always there, and the particular being has but to raise a gate, and it flows in, to the measure of the particular being's capacity. This flowing in is *inspiration*.

But this flowing in is not from abroad. To be inspired, we need not receive anything not already in ourselves. The source of the inspiration is our own nature. But this is what embarrasses us. How our own nature can inspire us, or we from our nature receive more than we receive in having our nature, puzzles us, and we cannot solve the mystery. But, be this as it may, it is certain man is not required to go out of himself for inspiration.

"The word is nigh him, even in his heart. . . . . As God fills all space, so all spirit; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious man. . . . . There are windows towards God, as towards the world. There is no intercessor, angel, mediator, between man and God; for man can speak and God can hear, each for himself. He requires no advocate to plead for man, who needs not to pray by attorney. Each soul stands close to the Omnipresent God; may feel his beautiful presence, and have familiar access to the All-Father; get truth at first hand from its Author. Wisdom, righteousness, and love are the spirit of God in the soul of man; wherever these are, and in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God."—pp. 216, 217.

That is, in proportion as a man is inspired, he is inspired. There is no gainsaying that. But

"*God's action on matter and on man is perhaps the same thing to him*, though it *appear* differently modified to us. But it is plain, from the nature of things, that there can be but one *kind* of inspiration, as of Truth, Faith, or Love; *it is the direct and intuitive perception* of some truth of thought or of sentiment;—there can be but one *mode* of inspiration; *it is the action of the Highest within the soul*, the divine presence imparting light; this presence, as of truth, justice, holiness, love, infusing itself into the soul, giving it new life; the breathing in of Deity, the income of God to the soul, in the form of truth through conscience, of love and faith through the affections and religious sentiment. Is inspiration confined to theological matters? Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter?"—p. 218.

Why not? And, if inspiration be taken not in its authorized sense, how are Mr. Parker's readers to decide the question he asks? Suppose they should deny Newton's inspiration, how would he prove it? And what absurdity is there in asserting that St. Peter was inspired, and that Sir Isaac Newton was not?

"If God be infinitely perfect, he does not change; then his modes of action are perfect and unchangeable. The laws of mind, like those of matter remain immutable and not transcended. As God has left no age nor man destitute of reason, conscience, religion, so he leaves none destitute of inspiration. *It is, therefore, the light of our being; the back-ground of all human faculties; the sole means by which we gain a knowledge of what is not seen and felt, the logical condition of all sensual knowledge;* our highway to the world of spirit. Man cannot exist without God, more than matter. Inspiration, then, like vision, must be everywhere the same thing in *kind*, however it differs in *degree*, from race to race, from man to man. The degree of inspiration must depend on two things: first, on the natural ability, the particular intellectual, moral, and religious endowment, or genius, wherewith each man is furnished by God; and next, on the use each man makes of that endowment;—in one word, on the man's *quantity of Being*, and his *quantity of Obedience*. . . . . A man of noble intellect, of deep, rich benevolent affections, is by his endowments capable of more than one less gifted. He that perfectly keeps the soul's law, thus fulfilling the conditions of inspiration, has more than he who keeps it imperfectly; the former must receive all his soul can contain at that stage of its growth. Thus it depends on a man's own will, in great measure, to what extent he will be inspired."—pp. 219, 220.

All this is clear enough, as to the fact, that inspiration is the action of the impersonal nature, which is our real self; but it is not unencumbered with difficulties. "God's action on matter and on man is perhaps the same thing to him, though it *appear* differently modified to us." This action is inspiration. Then the stone, the moss, the tree, the maggot, is inspired in like manner, and in the same sense, as man, and the effect differs only in its *appearance* to us. The action is always the same. God does his best to inspire one as much as another; and if one is not as much inspired as another, it is because one has a less quantity of being, or because it makes a less faithful use of its faculties. But he tells us, again, that "inspiration is the *consequence* of the faithful use of our faculties; each man is its subject [he might have added each block or stone], God its source, truth its only *test*."—p. 220. Here we are thrown out, quite off the centre of gravity; for we have just been told, that inspiration is "the light of our being; the back-ground of all human faculties; the sole means by which we gain a knowledge of what is not seen and felt, the logical condition of all sensual knowledge." Hence it follows necessarily, that without inspiration we have no sensual knowledge, that is, knowledge by the senses, no light, and no faculties; and yet inspiration is the *consequence* of the faithful use of our faculties! Decidedly this is too bad. To compel us, without knowledge, without light, without faculties, to use our faculties, and to use them faithfully, and thus gain inspiration, is worse than the tyranny of Pharao, in compelling the Israelites to make brick without straw, for they *could* wander over the fields and gather up stubble. Furthermore, truth is the only *test* of inspiration. Then the inspiration is not the communication of truth, for truth is something we must be already in possession of, as a criterion by which to test it.

"He that has most of wisdom, goodness, religion, the most of truth in its highest modes, is the most inspired."—*ib.* Either the inspiration and these are identical, and then the sense is, He who is the most inspired is the most inspired; or the inspiration is the effect of these, and then the possession of wisdom, goodness, religion, truth in its highest modes, is the condition of inspiration, which we suppose to be the author's meaning,—and not it the condition of possessing truth, wisdom, goodness, religion. But as the possession of these, not inspiration, is the end we should aim at, and if these are attainable without the inspiration as a means, what is the office or use of inspiration? Really, we do not know, and we confess we cannot understand why Transcendentalists assert it at all, unless because they think it would not *appear* religious to deny it. Perhaps it is the homage they pay to truth; perhaps the "pear," as Luther called the Christian miracles, which they throw to children. At any rate, the matter is left quite in the dark.

Having done our best to explain away the difficulties likely to embarrass our untranscendental readers, we are led very naturally to ask, what are the proofs by which Transcendentalists attempt to sustain their position, that all religious institutions have their principle and cause in human nature? But Transcendentalists regard this question of proofs as a delicate one, and are apt to look upon the demand for proofs as a decided breach of politeness, a downright piece of impertinence. They do not reason; they affirm, and we should take their simple assertion as sufficient. They are not reasoners, but *seers*; and will we not believe them, when they tell us what they see? Their doctrine rests not on discursion, but on intuition. The intuition is, indeed, possible to all, but not to all states of the soul. The soul must be prepared, and its vision purged by regimen, and strengthened by exercise. We must, by strict regimen and exercise, rise to the pure empyrean, and then we shall see and know for ourselves. Then no proofs will be needed; and before then none can be appreciated. Proofs offered to one still in the low regions of the logical understanding are pearls cast before swine. What avails it to reason with a blind man on colors? Couch his eyes first. So couch the eyes of the soul, open "the windows towards God," and you will want no proofs; you will see as we see, and all we see. The Transcendental attitude is to turn the eyes upside down, and look at things through your legs.* You and the objects you see will then be reversed; and the essence of Transcendentalism is not in seeing what others do not see, but in seeing what all the world sees,—but with the *seer* and the *seen* reversed.

* * * * * *

But after all, what is the real sum and substance of Transcendentalism, this latest and noblest birth of Time, as its friends regard it, and from which we are promised the universal *palingenesia* of man and nature,—what is it, when reduced to its simple, positive teachings? We have been led through tomes of metaphysical lore; we have been allured by brilliant promises of a recovered Eden; we have been flattered by glowing descriptions of our godlike powers, affinities, and tendencies; we have been transported by the assurance that we may dispense with priests, prophets, intercessors, and mediators, and of ourselves approach the Infinite One face to face, and drink our supply at the primal Fountain of Truth itself; but now, having lingered till the ascending sun has exhaled the dewdrops and exhausted the gems and precious stones which sparkled in rich profusion at our feet, what is the real and positive value of what has so long detained and charmed us? Things are what they are; man is what he is, and by a right use of his faculties may be, do, and know all he can be, do, and know. So far as we are wise, good, and loving, so far we have and know wisdom, goodness, love; and so far as we have and know wisdom, goodness, love, we have and know God, in so far as he is wisdom, goodness, love. He who knows more of these knows more than he who knows less. If the possession of wisdom, goodness, love, be inspiration, then he who has the most wisdom, goodness, love, is the most inspired,—and to be more inspired, he must get more wisdom, goodness, love. To be more inspired, he must be more inspired. If white be white, then white is white; if black be black, then what is black is black; if two be two, then two are two. Or, in two grand formulas from Mr. Parker, "Goodness is goodness," and "Be good and do good," and—you will be good and do good! If this is not the whole of Transcendentalism, when divested of its denials, its blasphemy, and its impiety, and reduced to its simple dogmatic teaching, then we have given days, weeks, months, and years, to its study to no purpose. Stated in plain and simple terms, it is the veriest commonplace imaginable. It is merely "much ado about nothing," or "a tempest in a teapot." Dressed up in the glittering robes of a tawdry rhetoric, or wrapped in the mystic folds of an unusual and unintelligible dialect, it may impose on the simple and credulous; but to attempt to satisfy one's spiritual wants with it is as vain as to attempt to fill one's self with the east wind, or to warm one's freezing hands on a cold winter's night by holding them up to the moon. Yet its teachers are the great lights of this age of light, before whom all the great lights of past times pale as the stars before the sun. Men and women, through some mistake not in a lunatic hospital, run after them with eagerness, hang with delight on their words, and smack their lips as if feeding on boney. Our Protestant populations, on whom the sun of the Roformation shines in its effulgence, are moved, run towards their teaching, and as about to hail it as the Tenth Avatar, come to redeem the world. Wonderful teachers! Wonderful populations! Wonderful age!

In conclusion; while surveying the mass of absurdities and impieties heaped together under the name of Transcendentalism, and which attract so many, and even some of our own friends whose kindness of heart, whose simple manners, and whose soundness of judgment on all other subjects command our love and esteem, we have been forcibly struck with the utter impotence of human reson to devise a scheme which reason herself shall not laugh to scorn. As often as man has attempted of himself alone to build a tower which should reach to heaven, or to connect by his own skill and labor the earthly with the celestial, and make a free and easy passage from one to the other, the Lord has derided his impotent efforts, confounded his language, and made confusion more confused. Uniform failure should teach us the folly of the attempt, and lead us to ask, if there be not the highest reason to bow to the divine reason, and the most perfect freedom to have [illegible] destroyest thyself; in *me* is thy help."

* Turn the eyes upside down, by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the landscape, though you have seen it twenty times!" [R. W. Emerson, *Nature*, p. 64.

CHARITY.

Last evening we saw a poor, old and deformed woman standing at one of the corners of a certain street, asking alms. For our thriving city it was an uncommon sight, and as we happened to be in the mood just then, we tarried for a few moments, to watch the charity of the world. Many in the passing tide of human life we knew not; but of those we recognized, the following attracted our particular attention.

First came a gentleman whom we knew to be a merchant of great wealth, and, as he approached the beggar, we surely thought he would listen to her petitions. But no—he was thinking of his last importations, or the sum total of his rents, and he passed her by with these words—"You must go to the poor-house, my good woman." We thought of the days of darkness.

Then came a scholar-like looking young man, whom we knew to be a struggler with poverty, but he approached the beggar with a smile upon his countenance, dropped a shilling into her withered hand, called for God's blessing to rest upon her head, and pursued his way. Our fancy wandered to that blessed region, where ever floweth the River of Life.

Next came an intemperate and selfish man. When the imploring look of the cripple met his own, he coolly frowned upon her, uttered a deep curse, and reeled on to the hall of sinful revelry. And then we pondered on to the worm that never dieth.

Finally came a flock of boys and girls, returning home from school. The woman smiled upon them, but spoke not a word.—The children knew her to be a beggar, and paused to talk with her a moment. She told them briefly the story of her life, and all of them were melted to tears. All the pennies that the little band could raise were given to the woman, and each child, with an immortal jewel in its heart, passed on its way to receive a kiss from its fond parents. Again did we revel in a dream of heaven-born loveliness. [Cin. Chron.

THIRD CENTENNIAL ANNIVRESARY OF LUTHER'S DEATH.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Though he was not far advanced in years, for he was but sixty two years and some months, Luther had frequently turned his thoughts to his last end. A lady having expressed the hope that he might live still forty years, he replied that he did not even wish it, but he desired to depart like Paul, and be with Christ, which is far better.—He was especially struck, some time before his end, with the sudden death of a pastor, who had expired in the pulpit, and he said weeping; "thus God takes the pious!"

In 1542, he lost his dear and amiable daughter *Magdaleu*, aged only thirteen years. His heart was broken; for he had the strongest and tenderest affections, and never did theological controversies stifle in him domestic attachments. But after shedding tears over the lifeless body of his child, he said: "If my daughter Magdalen might return to life and bring with her even the Turkish empire, I would not accept it. Oh! she is well gone. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Whoever dies thus is sure of eternal life. I would wish that myself and my children might have the same end.

Sad and dark forebodings filled Luther's soul in his last years. He repeated continually that *bad days were approaching*. He sighed over the divisions of princes, the quarrels of theologians, and announced that a terrible war would soon break out. Indeed the Romanists and protestants took up arms almost immediately after his death, and it seemed as if the Lord had called him out of the world, in great mercy, that he might not witness the wars which were to drench his country with blood.

I will cite further a remarkable fact which proves that Luther's thoughts were upon his approaching end. Having finished, the 17 Nov. 1545, his lectures on the first book of Mores, he said to his students: "Our precious Genesis is ended. May the Lord give you other professors to expound better than me! I can do nothing more; I am feeble; pray the Father of mercies for me, that he may give me a good and happy death." He had before said to his hearers: "This will be my last labor, and with it, if God please, I will close my life."

In the beginning of the year 1546, the reformer was called to *Eisleben*, his birth place, by the counts of *Mannsfield*. These lords had great disputes among themselves about the working of the mines and other family property. It would seem that they were extortionate and despotic men who imposed heavy burdens upon their vassals. Luther had received at different times the complaints of his fellow citizens, and touched with compassion for their misery, he had begged the counts of Mannsfield to treat them with more mildness. At last he was invited by themselves to come and reconcile them to one another. The weather was tempestuous, and the journey difficult. Luther's body was enfeebled by age and by toil, and he was afraid that this undertaking might shorten his life. Still he did not hesitate to go. The prospect of producing a double good for the princes of Mannsfield and for their people prevailed over his personal interest. "I devote readily eight days to this affair," said he, "though I have much to do, and then, I shall sleep joyfully in my grave."

A letter which he wrote to a pastor of Bremen six days before leaving Wittemberg, will give an idea of his feeble health. "He who writes you," said he, "is a worn-out, languid, half-blind old man. I hope that, being almost dead, I could enjoy some repose, and I have much need it. But I am busy in writing, talking, acting, as if I had done nothing, written nothing, said nothing. Happily, Christ is all in all: he orders and governs all things: let him be blessed forever.—Amen."

He sat off for Eisleben the 23d January, 1546, with his three sons and his domestic, Ambrose. Stopping at *Halle*, he preached twice and took with him the celebrated Doctor *Jonas* to aid him in his attempts at reconciliation. He incurred great dangers on the road. The rivers were swollen, and more than once he was forced to pass where the river was innundated. "How glad would the enemy be," said he to Dr. Jonas, "if we were drowned, myself, Dr. Martin, my three sons and you!"

He seemed so feeble the 28th January, that his fellow travellers feared for his life. "The Devil," said he, "does this: he attacks me and tempts me continually, when I undertake anything great."

The counts of Mannsfield met him with a numerous escort of horsemen, wishing to show him all the respect they had for his person, and the confidence they put in his aid. Luther was surprised at these marks of honor. He was always ready to abase himself, provided the Lord was exalted; and in going to Eisleben, it was not his own glory he sought, but the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

The business on which he was come presented considerable difficulties. Each of the counts of Mannsfield held obstinately to his claims. They had with them lawyers, subtile and tenacious of their opinions, who contributed to involve the questions. Luther spent several hours a day, but without succeeding in his purpose. "We are here," he wrote to his friend Melancthon, "very idle and at the same time very busy:—idle for we decide nothing; busy for we suffer much; it is the effect of Satan's malice."

[illegible] several letters from his dear wife, *Catherine Bora*, who was very anxious about his health, and begged him to take the greatest care of it. Luther replied to her among other things: "Why are you anxions? Is not God all powerful? Could he not create ten other doctors Martin, if the old man who writes you was drowned in the Saal or otherwise! Do not pain me any more, I have a better protector than you and all the angels: he is seated at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. Be then in peace. Amen."

He wrote again to his wife, the 14th February: Grace and peace in our Lord! Dear Catherine, we hope, this week to set out on our journey home, if God permit. God has shown us here a great favor; for the two counts Gebhardt and Albrecht of Mannsfield are now agreed except upon two or three articles which, I hope, will soon be made plain. The two brothers will become again truly brothers. They are to dine with me and they must speak together, for thus far they have communicated only by letters, and this correspondence has envenomed the dispute."

But Luther's last day approached. He had preached four times, since his arrival at Eisleben. His last sermon was upon this text: *I thank thee, O Father!*" &c. (Matth. xi. 25—30.) He said in closing his discourse: "I should have many things to preach upon this Gospel, but I am too feeble and we must stop here. May the Lord grant you grace to receive with gratitude his precious Word, to grow in the knowledge and in the faith in Jesus Christ, and to persevere to the end! Amen."

He consecrated also two candidates to the evangelical ministry, while he was at Eisleben. He said often to his two friends, Doctor Jonas and the pastor *Michael Coelius*, before retiring to his chamber to sleep: "Doctor Jonas and Michael Coelius, pray the Lord God, that all may go well in the affairs of the church; for the council of Trent and the Pope are in a great rage."

Every night before sleeping he prayed near the window. His prayers were so serious and so fervent that the attendants who heard some of the words were greatly edified. Afterwards he conversed a few minutes with his friends, and then took his repose. He loved to repeat texts of Scripture, accompanying them with brief and striking remarks.

The 17th February his health appeared much worse. The counts of Mannsfield begged him not to attend the conferences which took place in the forenoon, but to take rest. He was at this moment reclining upon a sofa. He rose, went into another room, made a prayer, and returned with a serene and cheerful air, saying that he would again join his friends. But, he seemed to foresee the approach of death. "Doctor Jonas and Mr. Michael," said he, "I was baptized here in Eisleben, why should I not die here!"

At night, before supper, he complained of feeling a weight upon his breast, and asked that hot cloths should be prepared for him. But a moment after, he said that he was better, and that he would sup with the rest in the large room; "for," he added, "I do not like solitude." He spoke much at the supper of the brevity of human life, and discussed the question whether relatives and friends will recognize one another in heaven. He spoke in the affirmative, and quoted the example of Adam who, without having seen Eve, recognized her as flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. "We shall recognize," said he, "our fathers, and mothers, our companions, and much better than Adam recognized Eve."

Jonas's domestic heard him pray nearly as follows, when he retired to his chamber: "Lord God, I invoke thee in the name of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I confess and preach by thy grace. Deign, according to thy promise and for the glory of thy name to hear me graciously in him, since through thy great mercy and according to thy will, thou hast revealed to me the apostacy, blindness and darkness of Popery. . . . . Condescend graciously to maintain to the end, and unimpaired, the church of my dear country in the pure truth, and in the profession of thy Word, in order that all the world may know assuredly that it is for this thou hast sent me. Even so, blessed Lord and my God!—Amen!"

About nine o'clock at night, he went to bed saying: "If I can sleep half an hour, I hope I shall be better. "His friends and the counts of Mannsfield had begged him to call a physician, but he refused. Soon after he slept quietly for an hour and a half. Jonas, Michael Coelius, the domestic Ambrose and two of his sons watched with him. When he awoke, he said: "Are you there still? You would do better to go and lie down." But his friends refused to retire. The doctor rose from his bed, and said on entering his chamber: "I am going to sleep in the name of God. I commend my spirit into thy hands; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of truth!"

But about one o'clock in the morning, his malady increased, and it became evident that he was rapidly approaching his end. Two physicians were called; the count and countess Albrecht of Mannsfield gathered round him with other friends and offered various remedies to strengthen him. "My God," he cried, "I suffer much, and I am in anguish; I believe that I shall die at Eisleben." Jonas and Michael Coelius replied: "Call upon our dear Lord Jesus Christ, our great high-priest and only Mediator. . . . "There is perspiration on your body. God will graciously restore you to health." "It is a cold sweat, and a sweat of death," replied Luther, "the malady increases, and I am about to die."

Then summoning all his force he began to pray saying: "O my dear heavenly Father, God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, God of all consolation, I give thee thanks that thou hast revealed to me thy dear Son Jesus Christ, whom I have loved and glorified, and whom the Pope and all the wicked dishonor, persecute and blaspheme. I pray thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, to take my poor soul under thy protection. O my dear heavenly Father, though I may be obliged to quit this body and to depart this life, I am sure that I shall dwell forever with thee, and that no one shall pluck me out of thy hands." Then he repeated some texts of Scripture, and added: "I go; I am on the point of rendering up my soul." He pronounced three times in succession these words in Latin: "Father, I commend my spirit into thy hands; for thou hast redeemed me O Lord, God of truth!"

After this reply, he turned on his right side, and slept for a quarter of an hour. Immediately after, his countenance began to grow pale; his feet became cold; he breathed feebly, and at length expired with every mark of the most perfect peace." We would say before God and in our consciences "eye witnesses relate," that it was impossible to perceive in him the least anxiety, or any pain; he slept in peace."

The news of Luther's death produced universal mourning. It reached Wittemberg the 18th of February, at night. The professors and students suspended their labors; the people flocked into the streets to ask the particulars of this mournful event. The Elector of Saxony wrote the same night to the counts of Mannsfield to testify to them his grief. "I could have wished," he says to them, "that you had not called to so long a journey a feeble old man; Luther might better have passed at home his last days. I cannot approve of you for having given him by your idle quarrels so much labor and pain and anxiety, which have evidently hastened his death.

The funeral of the Reformer was conducted with much pomp. On the 19th February, Doctor Jonas performed at Eisleben a funeral service, and preached upon 1 Thess. iv. 13—18. The pastor Michael Coelius also delivered a discourse upon Isaiah lvii. 1, and sketched all that Luther had done for the great cause of the Reformation. On the 20th February, the body of Luther was placed upon a hearse, and sent to Wittemberg for interment. The counts of Mannsfield accompanied it, and all the people followed, shedding tears. In every village where the train passed, the bells were tolled, and the peasantry in crowds all along the road, gave signs of sincere grief. The same day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the convoy approached Halle. The magistrates, professors, students came to receive him, weeping at the gate of the city. The 22d February, the body arrived at Wittemberg. The whole population went before it. Poor Catherine de Bora, his sons, his daughters, a brother of Luther's, with their friends joined the funeral train. Discourses were pronounced among others by Melancthon, and the utterance of the speakers was interrupted often by their sobs. The coffin was deposited in a tomb of the cathedral of Wittemberg.

GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Of all the books we have read on the education of daughters,* the little work of *Fenelon* is the best, and should be thoughtfully perused by every parent. There was a moral beauty and delicacy, as well as nice discernment in the mind of this good archbishop, which peculiarly qualified him to give instruction on such a subject, and in the education of youth he had great experience. His moral precepts were enforced by his example, and his pupils saw in his aspect of life both the exaltation and happiness of virtue. He knew better than most teachers what all are too apt to forget, that the minds of children, while extremely susceptible and delicate, are nevertheless capable of high enjoyment or a profound sorrow, from causes which to other persons appear light and trivial. A look may prove to them like a wound, a cold or harsh rebuke disturb the very depths of their nature.

Who has ever failed to read with emotion the early life of Lady Jane Grey, and to admire the pleasant tones and gentle encouragements of that prince of teachers, Roger Ascham, to whom she gladly hastened, from the frowns and admonitions of her parents, and the brilliant scenes and amusements of noble life, to study Plato, finding a happiness in her lessons and meditations beyond all the pleasures of a Court. To know the nature of the mind in childhood, is indispensable to wise instruction. Nor is such knowledge, considering the varied constitutions and temperaments of children, always obvious and immediately acquired. The powers of the mind are subtle and obscure, its affections and passions moved and directed by remote and hidden causes, difficult to approach, and often but partially to be ascertained. They often in children elude curious inquiry, and are seldom forced into observation. They most discover themselves when least sought, and gentleness may win what no authority can command. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that the mind, like the body, is very slow and gradual in its early growth. It is both unwise and inexcusable to hasten, incautiously, its development. It is too precious to be endangered by our vanity or rashness; time for its growth is required by the law of its nature, which cannot be transgressed with impunity.

In the minds of children there is an instinctive desire for knowledge, that is most gratified in circumstances which leave them in a great measure free to choose their own particular mode of gratification. To select these circumstances, to place children in the midst of them, gently to guide their attention, to give them agreeable associations, and occasionally to awaken their memory, is the great art of early instruction. In many things nature is the best teacher, and the love of her teachings may ripen into the love of all philosophy. When once the love of books and of science, is planted in the youthful mind, more than half the task of education is accomplished. The kingdom of knowledge is thrown wide open by the press; a broad highway is cast up for all who have the time and disposition to advance therein, and many an obscure child of genius from the abodes of labor and of poverty, has outstripped the heirs of nobility and fortune in the race of wisdom and of fame. But our purpose was not to extend our own remarks on education, but to submit a few sentences from others, which we regard as of great value.

"Children are very painfully sensible to the sufferings of persons who are dear to them. There is ever an affecting contrast between the joy which they have need of, and which continually asserts its dominion over them, and the vivacity of that sympathy which they feel for the sufferings they witness. Though weak and powerless, they are capable of feeling profound pity for beings superior in age and strength, and this feeling has something painful in it; from their inability to afford relief to those whom they love."

Says Dr. Parr (speaking of the education of youth:)

"He that has observed the glowing cheeks and faltering tongue of young persons, must know that the sense of propriety grows up in them very soon. They are scared at our frowns, they are cheered by our smiles, they invite us to sympathize in the raptures they feel upon performing what we have been accustomed to praise, and on the detection of any little impropriety they hide their drooping heads. Upon feats which far transcend their own strength they gaze with admiration; they weep at the mere neglect of those whom they have been taught to revere; and if through heedlessness or curiosity, they have ventured to commit what is forbidden, they either tremble at our approach, or by tears and blushes, by embraces and promises of amendment, and a thousand little winning arts, they strive to regain our esteem. Now the capacity for this sense of shame is given by nature; but the direction of it depends upon the care of others; easily it may be preserved and easily destroyed. If therefore we commit outrageous actions, or utter indecorous words in the presence of the young, a blind mechanical proneness to imitation leads them to adopt similar practices. But where those practices are afterwards continued from deliberation or from custom, young men will see, not equity but harshness, when they are corrected for doing that, which by their parents or their superiors they have seen done with impunity. Example on the side of virtue is more powerful than precept. But in respect to vice the case is nearly reversed; for our evil actions may be imputed to frailty, but our evil words, implying a renunciation of common opinions, and a defiance of common censure, are supposed to spring from deep and serious conviction. If, therefore, we add the weight of bad precept to bad example, in training up our children; if we remark, not only with indifference, but even with complacency, the facility with which oaths and obscenities trip off from their tongues; if we call the sallies of their petulance mere sprightliness, and openly impute their bursts of anger to high spirit, we have no right to complain of consequences which we ought to have foreseen—we have no right to be suprised or provoked when customs which we had ourselves fostered have shot up to their full magnitude, when they annoy us by their vicinity, when they alarm us by their malignity, when they are too sturdy to be resisted and too inveterate to be eradicated."

* We should qualify this expression. It is a good book, but we should hesitate about calling it even *one* of "the best."

THIS LIFE AND THE LIFE TO BE.

Augustine exclaims, "My life is a frail life—a corruptible life; a life which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth; the farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, is like a shadow, full of the snares of death. Now I rejoice, now I languish; now I flourish, now infirm; now I live, straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep; thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing contineth an hour in one estate; O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?"

BIBLE READING OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

Lord Kenyon, who understood law rather better than the gospel, closed one of his charges to a jury as follows: "Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor Julian, who was so distinguished for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the *Apostle*."

But we need not leave our own country for similar examples among our legislators. We find Mr. Hodge, a member of Congress from Illinois, in the course of debate, quoting the following lines as coming from the Bible.

"Whilst yet the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

and Col. Benton in the Senate spoke of our Savior having cast *seven devils* out of a certain man, and of the devils taking possession of the swine who ran violently into the sea and perished, &c. Two members of a State Legislature at the close of the session, addressed a circular to their constituents—"We hope the course we pursued and the votes we have given, will meet your approbation. We hope you will say to us as Nathan said to David, 'Well done good and faithful servants.'"

"Mr. Speaker," said a member of a legislative body, earnestly opposing a measure before the House, "Mr. Speaker, I would no more vote for that measure, than I would fall down and worship the golden calf that Abraham made." "Mr. Speaker," said another member, "It was Nebuchadnezzar." An editor of one of our newspapers, when giving an obituary notice of a worthy man, remarked—"we may say of him as the holy Scriptures have so beautifully expressed it—'An honest man's the noblest work of God."

One of own city editors, *himself a clergyman too*, refers to Daniel as having persecuted the Saints before he became a Christian.

The last case I shall give, is taken from Waddy Thompson's Recollections of Mexico, in which, speaking of the Hospital of Lazarus, he says, "the inmates would have rivalled in sores and rags, the *brother of Mary and Martha!*"

How many of these men read their Bibles?

[Cist's Advertiser.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The simple appearance and the whole deportment, says an American writer, of an obscure congregation at Hido, in the South Sea Islands, whom I had once known, and at no recent period, only as a set of rude, licentious, and wild pagans, did more to rivet the conviction of the Divine origin of the Bible, and of the holy influences by which it is accompanied to the hearts of men, than all the arguments, and apologies, and defences of Christianity, I ever read.

From a speech by Stephen C. Phillips, delivered in Fanueil Hall, at the meeting held to consider the case of the abducted slave.

"We meet to consider our duty in the clear case of illegal, inhuman, and unchristian treatment, to which an American slave and negro has been subjected By fraud and force he has been abducted from the streets of Boston, and he is already far beyond the reach of our sympathy, where neither our wishes nor our efforts can afford him any relief. Under the charge of the second Boston shipmaster, who has made himself an accomplice in the crime, he is on his way back to New Orleans, to meet the fate which there awaits the runaway slave. We may imagine the heavy heart, the disappointed hopes, the bitter grief with which he turned his last look on Boston, as he felt that all which Boston had done for him was to enforce the laws of Louisiana rather than those of Massachusetts; and that what his Louisiana owner dare not have attempted, and could not have accomplished through any agent known to be such, a Boston merchant and Boston shipmasters had volunteered, illegally and clandestinely, to accomplish in his behalf. Such truly, Mr. President, is the revolting aspect of the facts of the case, and deep is the disgrace which must overshadow the fair fame of Boston, so far as the mass of her citizens shall not promptly avow their abhorrence of this outrage, and adopt effectual measures to prevent its recurrence.

I find it difficult to refer to the conduct of Capt. HANNUM in terms of modified censure. What can have induced, or who can have advised him to write the letter which we have read in the newspapers, I am at a loss to conjecture. A more disgraceful exposure of bad motives, and of the consciousness of guilt, was never coupled with the attempt to justify misconduct. I could pity Captain Hannum from the bottom of my heart, if his letter did not compel me to indulge and to avow still another sentiment. He admits that he sacrificed *his private principles and the feelings of humanity;* and because he makes such an admission, and manifests no compunction for it, I shrink not from assuring him that such *unprincipled* and *inhuman* conduct is viewed in its proper light by the insulted community before whom he seeks to justify it.

* * * * * *

I am aware that I am called upon by Capt. Hannum to excuse or palliate his offence upon the ground that he acted by the authority, and under the instructions of his owners. He was however their voluntary agent; and it does not appear from the tone of his letter that he felt or expressed any scruple in executing their wishes, or that he did any act to relieve himself from the full measure of the responsibility to which I have held him. Still I perceive, upon his statement, that his owners voluntarily and gratuitously assumed a still higher responsibility—that is to say, as I estimate their responsibility, in reference to the higher position which they occupy, and the greater influence which their example must exert. They are Boston merchants; and, *as such*, while the unfortunate shipmaster may be unnoticed and forgotten, they must remain the conspicuous objects of public attention; and it should be expected of them, in a transaction like that under consideration, to maintain unsullied their own honor, and not to hazard the reputation of the class with which they are associated.

* * * * * *

What, so far as it affects the owners, is the present case, as we are obliged to regard it upon the representation of Capt. Hannum?

He represents to his owners that he finds on board his vessel a fugitive slave, and asks what he shall do with him. The owners of the vessel have no authority to act for the owner of the slave; they have accordingly no more right to exercise any forcible control over that colored man, than any of us have over any colored man, or any man whom we meet in the streets. The man, under the law of Massachusetts, as soon as he is within its jurisdiction, is free, because here "all men are free and equal;" and under the severest construction of the constitution and laws of the United States, he is free until his owner claims him. Except restrained by violence, *illegal violence*, he will of course at once assert his liberty, and, as soon as his feet touch the soil of Boston, if not safe at once, under the protection of public opinion, he may soon place himself beyond the danger of pursuit. All this is well understood by Capt. Hannum and his owners. They understand that if the slave is forcibly detained, it can only be done in violation of the law of Massachusetts, and in defiance of the public sentiment of Boston; and that, under the circumstances, they make themselves as much responsible, legally and morally, for reducing him to slavery, as if they had kidnapped one of our native colored citizens, and by a similar act of violence had confined him on board their vessel, and sent him to New Orleans to be delivered to a slave-dealer. If the case had thus terminated with the confinement of the negro on board the vessel, and all the proceedings of the master had been sustained and authorized by the owners, the legal crime and the moral offence, in all their flagrancy, would clearly have been committed, and the owners would have been responsible; but it is necessary to state that the subsequent incidents, all which must be supposed to have occured with their knowledge and sanction, greatly aggravate their guilt.

The poor negro is not retained on board the vessel; but before the vessel is brought to the wharf, he is sent, under the charge of keepers, to an island in the harbor, with purpose of confining him there, until another vessel shall be ready to receive and transport him to New Orleans. All this is done ill

operation with such of her citizens as are practically committed to the support of slavery. It will arouse the public conscience, and insure the vigorous action of public opinion upon every occurrence which involves the sacrifice of human liberty. It will make it certain that no ship-master, no merchant, no citizen of Massachusetts, will hereafter venture, in the support of slavery, to disregard and violate the laws of *his own State*. Occurring, too, in connection with the political and religious proceedings, which are rapidly converging to the same general issue, it will help to make it manifest that OPPOSITION TO SLAVERY is henceforth to be regarded as a political and religious duty, no longer to be questioned, no longer to be shunned, no longer to be postponed, but a duty to be at once faithfully, deliberately, and resolutely performed.

Let us congratulate ourselves, Mr. President and fellow citizens, that the sentiment of opposition to slavery is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. With us, indeed, it is an hereditary sentiment, which has descended to us as the heirs of the love of liberty of the Puritans, and of the uncorrupted patriotism of the sages of the revolution. Taught in our schools, and sanctioned in our churches, it is identified with our moral and religious principles. Thus instinct with spiritual life, no party influence, no combination of interests, no apprehension of consequences, can prove sufficient to extinguish it; and it becomes all whom it concerns to heed the assurance that while *Plymouth Rock* stands or a voice can be heard in *Faneuil Hall*, MASSACHUSETTS WILL MAINTAIN AND AVOW THIS SENTIMENT.

As we have given above Mr. Phillip's account of this most remarkable transaction, it is but fair that we should give the statements on the other side. We therefore add the following letters from Capt. Hannum, and leave our readers to think and feel for themselves.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

BOSTON, September 11, 1846.

EDITORS OF THE PICAYUNE:—In my own native city, a refugee from the fury of the Abolitionists, I address you on a grave subject, though it has p'aced me in the midst of many a comical and ludicrous scene.

I cleared at your port on the 9th, and sailed on the 10th of August, in command of the brig Ottoman, for Boston. Seven days out, a mulatto slave was found secreted in the fore-peak; I kept a look-out at the mast-head, in the hope of finding some vessel by which to send him back, but unfortunately did not succeed; kept on my way, and arrived off Boston Light at two on the morning of the 7th. Here I placed the runaway on board of a pilot-boat for safe keeping till four A. M. the next day, when I arrived from town according to agreement, and took the darkey in my boat, which contained, beside myself, a trusty friend, a boy of sixteen, and a boatman. Agreeable to arrangements in town, I was to await the bark Niagara, to sail next day for New Orleans. That night an Easterly gale commenced, and next day no Niagara came. Unable to weather it any longer in the lower harbor, I kept her away for Spectacle Island. There, as ill luck would have it, while taking "a drop of consolation," at the hotel, the negro gave me the slip, and with the boat made sail for South Boston Point; post haste we followed in another boat, but he landed about ten minutes ahead. We took after him through corn-fields and over fences, till finally, after a chase of two miles, I secured him just as he reached the bridge. Accusing him of theft, I marched him arm in arm, towards the Point, followed by a crowd of men and boys—a friend came up with a team, when I drove to the Point, and we took to our boats and were off.

The news of the escape and capture spread through the city—officers were despatched in all directions—$100 reward was offered for the "kidnapper captain and pirate-boat Warren." That night we lay at anchor under Lovell's Island—the easterly blow continued—we dared not venture farther out. Next morning our case was desperate. Out of water and provisions, I beat down to the outer island in the harbor, (an uninhabited pile of barren rocks,) landed with the darkey and boy, and sent my companions to town for supplies and another boat, while we remained hid in the gullies of the rocks. They returned at night with the "Vision," the fastest sailer in the Bay, and took us off. So hotly were they pursued in town, that the only refreshments they were enabled to obtain were gin and crackers, and on these we subsisted during the remainder of the expedition. We now stood for sea, and waited for the Niagara, till 2 P. M. the next day, (the 12th,) when she came out in tow of a steamer. I put him on board as the steamer left, giving Captain Rea letters explanatory of the whole affair. No sooner had I left the bark than I discovered a steamer making directly for us. Knowing she could chase but one, I steered a course opposite to the Niagara, till the steamer came up and ordered me to heave to; this for some time I refused to do, wishing to delay them as long as possible, in order to give the Niagara a chance to get clear. Bayonets glistened in all parts of the boat: darkies were there of every hue, crying out, "Run him down," "Fire into him," &c. After this was hushed, and I had brought them to terms of civility, I hove to and received on board two officers, who examined the craft; not finding the object of their search, they went on board the steamer and put off for the bark; but they had wasted too much time with me—the Niagara was well out to sea, with a fine breeze. The Abolitionists, after chasing her a few miles, became sea-sick, and commenced casting up their accounts; the balance were in favor of returning home, and back they went, to wreak their vengeance on your humble servant—humble enough, God knows, though elevated to garret life.

Stigmatized as a slave-stealer at the South—branded as a kidnapper at the North—my situation is anything but enviable. The journals here are bitter against me, and accuse me of interested motives. On the contrary, with a hundred dollars reward against me, I have been obliged to spend a like sum in order to re-ship the negro to his master. John H. Pierson, Esq. a merchant of this city, well known for his integrity, is the owner of the Niagara and Ottoman, and sanctions my proceedings. This is my lengthy story; lay it before your readers, that they may know we are not all Abolitionists, and that the reputation of our beautiful city may not suffer through their disgraceful proceedings.

Very respectfully yours, gentlemen,
JAMES W. HANNUM,
Master brig Ottoman.

BOSTON, September 22, 1846.

EDITORS OF THE PICAYUNE:—Sorely hunted and tracked by those cursed bloodhounds, the abolitionists, I give you my last communication previous to taking up my quarters in Leverett street jail. The one-sided position in which I am placed, with a political party headed by an eminent lawyer to contend with, may be easily imagined. The felonious charge of "kidnapping," they are determined to sustain at any cost. The daily papers of the city, with one or two exceptions, have not ventured to advance a single sentiment in my favor.

And all this row and excitement about a vagabond drunken negro. This! for offending the enemies of our Union, in order to comply with the laws of a sister State. Talk of justice. She is not here. She emigrated South long ago; and to the South I must appeal to save me from fine and imprisonment.

In your hands, gentlemen, I leave the subject, feeling certain that you will not fail to place the matter before the citizens of Louisiana in its true and proper light. In this remains my only hope.

Communications may be addressed to the care of J. H. P. & Co., 75 Long Wharf, Boston.

Very respectfully, yours,
JAMES W. HANNUM,
Late Master of brig Ottoman.

Over the troubled waters of the sinful heart the divine spirit must move, or they cannot be stilled to that calmness and clearness in which the image of the God of love may be purely reflected. Seek, then, brethren, that holy power of Christianity. Open your minds to the purifying and life-giving influences of God's spirit.

[E. H. Edes.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

UNITARIAN CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

We cannot too earnestly press upon our brethren the importance of this Convention, that the interests of a righteous cause may be advanced, and the kind and generous hospitality of our friends in Philadelphia may not be disappointed. The expense is, we know, to many of our ministers a serious objection to going; but where that is the case, might not some of their liberal parishioners remove the difficulty? As all are equally interested in the cause, it is but right that parishes should bear a portion of the burden.

We do not know what subjects are to be brought forward for discussion. It is important that a clear exposition of the leading principles of our faith should be embodied in the resolutions, but at the same time, we think that the main stress, in all that is said, should be laid on those great doctrines of practical Christianity, by which, more than by Theological arguments, the principles of our faith are to be commended. How shall we do most for vital, experimental piety in the heart? How may we best quicken into life and sustain there the principles of godliness and Christian love? How may we so deepen and strengthen in the souls of men a real faith in Christ, that they may rejoice under all circumstances to live and to die in obedience to him? These are the great questions to be discussed. They are the subjects which most nearly concern us. And if those, who may be attracted from other denominations to hear our speakers in a strange place, should find them zealously engaged in seeking light on such matters, they cannot but feel, that here are Christian brethren, coming together with earnest, Christian hearts, to consult together on the great interests of the Church of Christ. How different the spectacle from that which has just been presented by the Episcopal Convention in New York! Let us, then, in this as in all things, be true to our faith. We profess to attach more importance to what we hold in common with others than to what is peculiar to ourselves. Though valuing above all price our peculiar doctrines, as truths, which Jesus taught, yet more precious than these have we always regarded the life which he has set before us and the divine spirit which he would breathe into our hearts. Let this spirit guide us in all our deliberations and shine out with quickening influence from all that we may do and say. And may the blessing of God go with us.

For the Register.

CLOSET MEDITATIONS.

REMONSTRANCE. PRAYER.

Acknowledge with readiness your faults and infirmities; but be not angry and pettish with yourself. Rather feeling to be humble and quiet—seeing in the act of failing another argument of that weakness we are so loth to admit in ourselves; and, not admitting it, we commit ourselves to hazards too often without our preparation, and fail, greatly to our mortification and sometimes with much loss. Presumptuousness, forwardness, turbulence, irritability, are besetting sins that attend us in moments of collision or discussion,—and are the natural expression of pride and temper. These feelings are evil and always lead to evil. They cannot act at the same moment with a sound judgment and collected faculties. They thrust reason aside always; and substitute an arbitrary will. It may be that what is insisted upon is right and reasonable; but if the manner and tone be not right and reasonable, it greatly prejudices a good cause, and makes a bad one, if possible, more odious. When the reason and the conscience lose their ascendency in practice, the man becomes a brute. He may soon restore this ascendency; but, until he does, he is or may be a demon. The time of his being so may be of longer or shorter duration, of more or less frequent occurrence, and the intervals may exhibit him as something better in his deportment, conduct and sentiments than the mass of men; but still that fearful state of an *absent conscience*, of guiltiness, be it only in the train of thought, would excite alarm, should be met with an uncompromising condemnation, with penitent humiliation, with a feeling of there being always occasion for unremitted watchfulness over ourselves, with a sense of the absolute necessity there is for cultivating a habit of collectedness of the faculties, a sober presence of mind, which keeps ever in view the relations of one thing to another, and the just light in which everything is to be looked at that comes to our sight or demands consideration. A purblind, careless, indifferent, or dreamy state of the faculties, which goes only by the halves or as through a mist, is a trap for our peace, innocence, well-being and good repute, that may cost us our all. It is not enough, we are ready to admit, that we mean no harm, and have no bad designs, and wish ill to none. The true question is, are we properly solicitous to inform ourselves respecting everything proper for us to know affecting our own well-being here and hereafter, and that of our friends and fellow-men, and do we soberly, zealously, fairly apply ourselves, as conscience and God's will demand of us, to learn the whole extent of our duty and use our best endeavors to make a proper preparation of knowledge and industrious habits to perform it? If not, then we are properly chargeable with the consequences of our ignorance, inertness, incapacity, want of enlarged views, inactivity and insensibility to the claims of benevolence and our various deficiencies in justice, mercy, spirit, uncompromising truth. Breathe, O, my God, into my spirit the spirit and temper of a good servant. May I seek to know my whole duty and to perform it. Give me the humility that I need, in order that neither pride nor vanity may cover from my view my own weakness, incapacity and defective moral sensibility. Give me an enlightened conscience and a sound mind, that I may see all things that concern me in their proper light. Give me a heart to feel and love what is good, and to feel and hate what is evil. Raise me, I beseech thee, out of the evil influences of past errors, mistakes, faults and habits. May this world be to me henceforward thy world, and myself under a condemned consciousness that I am thy dependent creature, placed here for purposes which thy moral government was designed to accomplish, and to which thou hast become our law, and thy continually sustaining spirit the agency in administering the same. O, let me never cease for a moment to feel these truths, and may I never cease for a moment to feel their power through thy mercy. May I be duly grateful to thee for the sense I now have, though so imperfect, of this beneficent system, and wilt thou graciously make that sense more and more perfect every day that I live. W.

For the Register.

A TREATISE UPON THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT KNOWING ONE'S FATE BEFOREHAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

Nothing seems easier, than to persuade ourselves that it would not be well to know beforehand our fortune in this world; and yet the wish to know what their destiny is to be, continues to most men an agreeable one. Even those who believe in the morning with strong conviction that it is a real boon from heaven, to be unable to foresee their prosperity and adversity, would often wish at evening that the curtain which conceals futurity from our eyes might be withdrawn, and their fate for once be laid open to them. Self-love probably creates this wish, and pride and covetousness continue it; still I cannot see why many good dispositions may not also occasion in us this unreasonable longing. The desire of happiness is an indispensable portion of our nature, and the desire to render others happy, is the noblest pleasure of the righteous man; and these two may often mislead us into the wishing to know beforehand our fortune.

By fortune, I mean the prosperous and adverse events of every one's life. Were we able to foresee these, we should behold them either singly and without connection, or in a continued series. By singly, I mean for example, the foreknowing that I should have more sickness than health in my life, that I should attain to great wealth and lose it again, without knowing at the same time the causes of these misfortunes. By foreseeing one's fate in a connected series, I mean the becoming acquainted with all the circumstances and the whole train of events, both fortunate and unfortunate, which compose our lives. In reference to love and marriage, I must not only know that in the course of time I shall be married, but I must foresee under what circumstances and at what time this will happen, and whether my wife will be beautiful or homely, rich or poor, of a good or bad disposition, and for how many or few years she will be mine. Were this perfect knowledge of one's fate possible, it would involve appalling consequences, as shall be made to appear in the sequel. On the other part, the first method seems more easy and convenient; still it would be of little use to us, and would rather awaken than appease our curiosity. For to know a part and not know the whole, is like being carried when thirsty to a locked fountain. I am to be rich and great in my life. Very well! It will be agreeable to me. Only, when am I to be so? and in what way?—a short or a long time before the end of my days? How long will my prosperity continue? Who will deprive me of it? Death, or myself, or the malice of men?—if the last, will they be of the number of my friends or my enemies; my patrons, or rivals? Will they rob me purposely, or without design? A thousand such questions must arise were I to learn my fate only piecemeal and how exceedingly uneasy would they render me, while I should wish, but find myself unable to answer them. So far from having my longing satisfied by such knowledge, it would only be stimulated by it to greater vehemence; since curiosity is of the same nature as all the other appetites. And as covetousness grows rather than diminishes by the increase of riches, and by the acquisition of renown, so too the curiosity to know our destiny, is rendered more burning instead of being quieted by such summary information. Whoever requires a proof of this, may easily find it by attending a little to what is going on in his own heart. And he who is not competent to feel this truth in himself, would be still less competent to comprehend it by evidence. Yes, perhaps some one will say, it is true, I do not know enough in this way; and yet I know something? I know that I shall be great, honored, wealthy, aged. These are agreeable expectations, and is not a little information concerning what is agreeable, better than none at all? Finally, however, I do not wish to know my misfortunes beforehand, but my happiness only. Such a privilege can be imagined, but would perhaps be realised with difficulty. For were it even possible to become acquainted with one's good fortune apart from the bad, I should still fear that the majority of men in learning beforehand their future prosperity, would esteem it as nothing else than adversity. We will explain this farther. When we contemplate prosperity as the fulfilment of our wishes,—in this sense, most persons are unfortunate. So were we able to foresee our good fortune, in comparing it with our wishes we should perceive it to be either in itself of small value, or something quite different from what we had desired, and thus in our estimation it would not be good fortune. It is good fortune if through life I obtain a competent income from a proportionate labor. So it must be considered, inasmuch as the generality attain to this degree of success only for a small portion of their lives. But what comfort would the aspiring, the avaricious, the voluptuous enjoy in knowing beforehand that this would be their good fortune. Not one of them would esteem it as such. Thus instead of learning their prosperity, their knowledge would amount to nothing but a certainty of never attaining to it. Take a coward, and tell him he is destined to become a great general, and to accomplish astonishing achievements amid the greatest perils. He will be terrified, and experience more distress through this information, than he would actually feel in exposing his life to the enemy under the pressure of circumstances; as he would become cheerful by familiarity with danger, and at length attain to heroic courage—all which in the season of his timidity he would consider as no good fortune, and either believe that he was to have no good fortune in the world, or fancy that he was not made acquainted with the whole. In this way we perceive that were our prosperity only, apart from its connection with our adversity, revealed to us as we desired, so far from being quieted, we should be more restless than we now are without this knowledge.

But at what time should our future fortunes be announced to us? Perhaps in those years when we are beginning to reflect, when the rawness of youth has past. But we must not forget that years exercise a powerful influence over our inclinations, that with every new cycle of life our wishes change, we hold in small esteem what we once highly prized, and we prize that highly which we once despised. How will it now fare with our contentment? Here is a young man tormented with ambition. It is revealed to him that he shall be a land-stewart, and that herein his fortune will consist. Heavens! How great will be his dismay! He hoped to be at least a distinguished servant of the state in his father-land; and the situation of a stewart is the sole fortune with which he must content himself after such splendid dreams! He does not behold his wishes in his fortunes; and it is these which we principally desire to see fulfilled, when we are so curious to know our fate beforehand. We can judge for ourselves whether this youth will not rather bewail, than enjoy his fortune. Would it not be far more profitable if it remained concealed from him until the period of its arrival? For in all probability, time and circumstances will in ten years so far have lowered his lofty expectations that this employment will be very agreeable to him. The young and ardent Clelia, who desires nothing so much as to know that she shall belong for life to her tender and devoted lover, is anxious to know what awaits her. To her horror she perceives, that so far from being assigned to her Damon, she is doomed to pass her life at the side of a sombre man already far in years. This is to be her happiness; for most miserable would her marriage have been, had the unstable Damon attained his purpose. Yet in her present state of feeling, she would wring her hands at such information, and deem herself the most unfortunate of human beings.

Also were it even possible to foresee our prosperity while our misfortunes remained concealed from our knowledge; even then the majority of men would be dissatisfied, because when we speak the language of the world and not philosophy, so very few are fortunate. Since in the estimation of most persons fortune is that which seems splendid to the eye—as overflowing riches, pleasure, high posts of honor, far fetched luxuries. But how very few attain to these felicities in the degree which they desire them; consequently while a very few would obtain a foreknowledge of a good fortune, the majority, in their very prosperity, would foresee their calamity. Therefore even the desire to foreknow our prosperity apart from our adversity appears to be no wiser than the other.

Again, the happiness of most persons does not consist in a long series of agreeable events; on the contrary, our fortunate are interwoven with adverse occurrences, and our cheerful hours often derive their value from the sad ones which had preceded them. And if a man knew nothing of these (which must be the case with him who desires only to become acquainted with his future enjoyments) he will necessarily esteem that which taken in its whole connexion, was a great happiness, to be apart from this connexion, either a very small pleasure, or none at all. But we will no longer dwell on the foreknowledge which is confined to prosperous incidents, nor insist upon the disadvantages which must proceed from it. They may be easily inferred from what we shall say concerning the precise knowledge of all the circumstances of our destiny.

This kind of foreknowledge seems analagous to casting of nativities in which astrologers undertake to show the credulons what shall befall them day by day, and the reasons of each event. The reasons of what befalls us are to be found either in the course of the world itself, in ourselves, or in other men; hence to foresee our destiny and the reasons of it, become identical with foreseeing all that nature or the course of the world, all that we ourselves by our actions or omissions, and all that other men, will contribute to our happiness or injury. Would not such a human Omniscience, if I may venture so to express myself, be something most admirable? By it we should at once be delivered from the fear which is so cramping to the heart, and enabled in cheerfulness and without anxiety to attempt a thousand things which now make us tremble. Our hopes would be sweeter and stronger, as we should know how they would terminate. Each one also by knowing what he was appointed to in life, would be better able to fit himself for his calling and sphere of action. These three advantages might well induce most persons to cherish a desire for learning their future lot. And were these advantages well founded, nothing could be more just than such a desire. But this we are now to examine.

Is it true, that all fear would be at end, if I knew what was before me in my life? By no means! For I should then cease only to expect the good, but the evil of life would keep me in constant terror until its outbreak. At present we fear only *possible* or *probable* accidents. From this fear we should be delivered; but in its stead we should dread *certain* calamity. Would this be a profitable exchange! Would not a certain calamity impending over me, be more tormenting, than one which was doubtful? I foresee that at a future time I am to pass three years in a prison, far away from my lovely wife, my children and friends; shall I not in thought undergo this imprisonment ten times by my fears, before I actually suffer it? Added to this, I am to be acquainted with my misfortune and all its circumstances in their order. I shall thus know either that this imprisonment was allotted to me under the hidden course of Providence, that I myself incurred it through my culpability or through my uprightness, or that other men precipitated me into this misfortune. How great will be my distress! I am destitute of all hope of escaping my calamity, and yet the sleepless desire is aroused in me to put it far from me. This desire craves gratification, but it can by no possibility be satisfied. With despairing lamentations I shall besiege the skies! How bitterly I shall reproach myself if I am the cause of my misfortune! And if I am not, with what hostility shall I regard the persons who are its occasion. Will not all these imaginations destroy the tranquillity which I might have enjoyed, if I had not foreseen my troubles? Will they not embitter every pleasure presented to my enjoyment during the time which precedes my misfortunes? O.

[To be Continued.]

For the Register.

TO ALL INTERESTED IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Extract from an Annual Address to the Teachers of a Sunday School.

The Year that has just now left us has had *its* changes too. While to many of us, in our other relations in life, it has been one long to be remembered for its eventful character, it has left traces, which to us, as members of this association, the tide of time may not easily wash away. The circumstance of our assembling on this occasion last year may be fresh in the recollection of all of us who were then present. It seems but as yesterday since we gathered around this board to take council together on the interests and prospects of our Sunday School, and to transact the usual business of this meeting:—and yet an important part of our life has since elapsed. The question was then asked—How many then present might meet again at this place and on this evening? May are now here:—but the places of some are vant; that which we saw might occur to any one of us—whom, we know not—has become mourful fact to more than one. Two of those who a year ago were actively engaged with us in the work, have ceased from such, and all earthly labors forever. They were both young:—they had arived at an age when they seemed like flowers under the influence of bright suns, and gentle showers and genial skies, just bursting into fulness and beauty:—but they were not permitted to expand, and in the full blown flower fulfil to our eyes the promise of the bud. The allwise disposer of events and Father of us all has transplanted those flowers from this wilderness where a thousand accidents might have blasted their promise, to the garden above, in which they may ever blow in fresh and unfading beauty. We cannot but mourn their loss,—with the friends who mourn over their early departure we too would mingle a tear of sympathy. But there are thoughts suggested by these events that may banish all tears from the mourner's eyes.—Indeed is there not always something about the death of the young, the pure, the beautiful, that forbids indulgence in grief? We feel bereaved, it is true:—but the conviction is strong in our minds that our loss is their infinite gain. I am not disposed to view the world solely in its darker aspects:—life is pleasant and desirable, and yet no one lives many years without learning from experience that our pathway here is beset [illegible] sorrows. From all these do they escape who die young. Taken away when they had known none of the serious trials of life, before temptation has drawn them aside from the ways of peace, or any impure influence has, with its poisoned breath, blighted their early virtue, they go to abodes of happiness and joy, for which they are fitted, and from which we could not wish to call them back.

As one after another of our associates thus leaves us, does it not connect us more intimately with the world of spirits, shall not departed friends draw away our thoughts from the fleeting things of the present, and cause us to feel that we have interests of a higher, more enduring, more important character than those by which we are now so much engrossed? And do not such events bind us more strongly to every great and good purpose in which our departed friends had united with us? When we have lost a friend and companion that was bound to us by the strong ties of affection, does not the recollection that *here* that friend was accustomed to walk, *there* to sit and converse, in *this* employment love to engage, in *that* pleasure delight to mingle, seem to hallow those sports, those occupations, and those pleasures, with which in our minds we associate him? And is there not an influence of a similar kind which may come from the remembrance of those friends who once engaged with us in the labors of this association and the school connected with it, but who are now no longer numbered among the living?

If by such reflections we can arouse within us any new zeal and attachment to this cause, if we can derive from them, considerations which shall make us forget the discouragements and dissatisfactions that attend our labors, it is well for us to do so. For indeed in the actual condition of things, the causes of discouragement and dissatisfaction are neither few nor small: often we may perhaps find ourselves inclined to think that there are no good results to counterpoise them. They come from various sources—from ourselves—from our pupils—from those whose children are under our care.

So far as the last named cause—the indifference of Parents and the older part of our Religious Society, is concerned, we can only state our complaints with the hope that the statement may not be without some good effect. It would indeed give us an impulse could we see that the Congregation took an interest in the School, and especially that those in it who are Parents manifested a lively concern for its success and prosperity, and afforded us any tangible and substantial evidence that they thought it an institution worthy of being fostered, supported. Is it said that such evidence is found in the fact that their children are placed under our care in the school? That, it is true, is an indication of a degree of interest, but may consist with a very slight degree thereof. It is without doubt the case that some are considerably interested, while others approach to a state of almost entire indifference, and that there are between these two points every shade and degree of sympathy, or the want of it, for us in these labors. Let me have only this one and the same fact to prove to us that our efforts are viewed with *any* degree of interest. It may therefore not unfily be classed with those arguments that prove everything or nothing as we choose, and really is of little value as a proof of that deep and strong current of sympathy which we should be glad to find flowing in this direction. Perhaps if the question were put to many of those Parents, "shall this school be abandoned?"—they would say decidedly, no. But why not? Do they know from personal observation that it is of any real value?—do they know that its management and direction are such as they can approve, that its teachers are competent and faithful—that the course of instruction, the knowledge imparted, the principles attempted to be implanted in the minds of their children, are such as are fitted to bring about the results and accomplish the objects probably aimed at, or indeed are such as they can safely, or ought to allow to influence the affections and intellect of their offspring? Do they know all or anything of this? How should they—for they are never seen in the school, but keep aloof as if *its* interests were utterly foreign from *theirs*? After some reflection, I am inclined to the belief, that were the fear of being singular—of not supporting an institution which all other sects maintain—entirely out of the way, not a great number would be found who would protest very strongly against an abandonment of the school.

We find too in the character and conduct of our pupils many causes of discouragement and dissatisfaction. These are more within our control, yet not always in our power to correct. It cannot be pleasant or satisfactory to a Teacher to find himself laboring for minds utterly heedless of his instructions. When he goes to his class, it is perhaps with a wish and purpose to say something to them that may be of use—to impart some valuable knowledge, to instill some virtuous principle, or enforce some religious precept. Perhaps he has spent hours, and it may be days, in study and reflection upon the subject of the exercise, and comes to his class with his feelings warmed and interested and prepared to infuse into minds not at all ready to receive them, a warmth and interest kindred to his own. In this state of feeling he begins the exercise—but he might almost as well address himself to the senseless wood around him. The thoughts of the pupil, with his eyes are wandering to other classes and objects—his mind is occupied with subjects foreign from that to which the teacher would draw it—or some member of the class has contrived by some idle and foolish trick to direct the attention of the rest, and not being benefitted himself, prevents them from deriving any good from the Teacher's labors. And perhaps this may happen frequently. Now what can be more chilling and entirely discouraging to a Teacher than such a state of things. Let one set out with never so much a desire to do good, and the most earnest effort to accomplish it, and such experiences, Sabbath after Sabbath, might well damp and extinguish it all.

Perhaps some of you who now hear me are prepared by your own experience to understand fully the difficulties I have endeavored to describe and to sympathize perfectly with the Teacher in the case supposed. You have met with the same obstacles, have encountered the same heedlessness and inattention, and have not unfrequently felt all your interest in those labors becoming entirely extinct. You have however been unwilling altogether to abandon the School—you have earnestly asked, is there any remedy for this so serious cause of discouragement and dissatisfaction—and you have perhaps come to the conclusion that the only remedy is to be found in a faith in the eventual good of your efforts, a faith strong and invariable, and that, like charity, can hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, and that never faileth.

It does indeed require the exercise of such a [illegible] which the Teacher, looking beyond and above all this carelessness and inattention on the part of the pupil, can see the possible good that may at some remote day flow from these apparently neglected lessons. It is necessary that he shall call up before him the instances, not infrequent, in which some early lesson, given to an apparently heedless child, some word addressed to an inattentive ear, has yet in after life, in some moment of temptation, in the midst of a vicious career, on the very verge of crime, come upon the soul of the erring one with a force altogether irresistible, proved the talisman that has saved from total ruin, and led him back again to the paths of innocence. To what temptations these children under our care may be exposed, into what circumstances they may be thrown where all the strength of an unconquerable virtue may be needed to uphold them, is all unknown to us and to them. We are now giving them warnings and counsels, which if observed might save them from error and sin. Our words may now seem as water poured out on the ground, and we are ready to abandon our enterprise as utterly useless and hopeless. Yet let us for one moment suppose that the darkness of the future could be penetrated, and we could see that these warnings and counsels would prove the salvation of one of these unheedless pupils;—would not that be a rich reward for all our efforts;—would it not fully compensate for all the vexations in our experience? And may we not from such reflections as these, and from this possibility of good, revive our fainting zeal, and arm ourselves with patience and strength to overcome whatever there may be discouraging in our work as Sabbath School Teachers. It may be like casting our bread upon the waters, but it must be with the belief that we *shall* find it again, though it should be after many days.

But there are causes of discouragement and dissatisfaction from within ourselves; and these give to all the others their strength and power. Do we feel strong faith in the value of Sabbath Schools? Have we any deep and true interest in the business of instruction. Do we try faithfully, punctually and fully to discharge the duty we have undertaken? Do we feel that there are any responsibilities attached to this service, and can we persuade ourselves that they are responsibilities of a high and sacred character? Could we but be animated by zeal such as an affirmative answer to these inquiries would seem formidable;—there are no causes of discouragement which would at all damp our ardor; and instead of suffering ourselves to indulge in a feeling of dissatisfaction, because we cannot find others instructed as we wish them to be, we should only pass on in the accomplishment of our determination to do good—"forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before."

For the Register.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Our Lord and Master directed his disciples to pray for the coming of God's kingdom among men. He also taught, that in order to secure the blessing for which they prayed they must practically and sincerely act—if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your heavenly Father forgive you.

It is evident that prayer must be accompanied by *action* consistent with the desire, if we would reasonably expect the blessing. As Christians we desire the extension of Christianity. We pray for it—but, what are we *doing* for it? I do not undervalue the labors of the men both known, and unknown to their fellows — I will admit all that the wisest and best men may say that we have done. Yet, I think the question may be put with pertinency. What are we doing for the extensionof religion?

When we speak of the wealth and the intelligence of our Christians, do we not *sometimes* blush to think we have so much of it and in proportion so little fruit—so little devotion, zeal and self-sacrificing principles. Do we not sometimes wish that we were poor that we might be rich in faith and good works? Do we not *sometimes* feel that wealth, and fashion and learning even are clogs that hinder us from performing those acts for which our warmest and holiest affections are aspiring? Do we not *sometimes* feel as if there was a *meaning* in these words — "How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Do we not sometimes feel that if we had less, we should do more? Let us humble ourselves—and if we *do* desire the kingdom of God, we shall seek out the poor rather than the rich—the ignorant rather than the learned—we shall then employ missionaries to go abroad "over the whole world." While not unmindful of our duty, here at home we shall be strengthening ourselves by the multiplicity of our labors and when fainting even, we exclaim "I am weak," then would we really be strong.

Those Christians who do the most for the world are the strongest — those who do the least are, and always will be the weakest. If then we would grow and prosper, we must work—we need no allies but God and his truth. Let us but manifest the disposition to do according to our means and we shall grow—the light and heat we make for others will cheer and warm us, "men will then take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus." Our views, if we are true to them, will spread—no views under the sun appear to me so practical as ours, and shame and contempt be ours if we do not better demonstrate our faith by a life which is in harmony with its teachings.

We have rested too much and too long on our present attainments.

Let us all forget the things which are behind and press forward to the mark—a sincere desire, manifested by works, for the coming of God's Kingdom in the world.

It is high time that we were awake — we must be either hot or cold — Brethren what say you?

B. F. E.

For the Register.

MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF BOSTON.

At the last meeting of the Teachers' Social Union, a Committee was appointed to call a meeting of all the Sabbath School teachers of all denominations in the city to consider their duty in relation to the increasing means and temptations to vice and dissipation among the youth of our city. That Committee attended to the duty, and the meeting was holden at the Central Congregational Church, on Monday evening, Oct. 12th.—Mr. Samuel H. Walley, the oldest teacher and superintendent in the city, presided.—Rev. Warren Burton addressed the throne of grace. The Chairman then stated that only his deep interest in Sabbath Schools could allow him to occupy the chair. He regarded the Sabbath School as the greatest blessing to the country, and he was reminded by this large gathering of the teachers of all denominations, of the ingenious project of the birds of Africa, who flock together, of all sizes, kinds and *denominations* to destroy their common enemy, a peculiar species of serpent, which ascends trees for the purpose of destroying their eggs and their young. He could not forget the beautiful example thus set before us in our attempts to shield the youth of our city from the temptations which are leading them on to destruction. He was more than ever impressed by this interesting meeting with the truth of those beautiful lines—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Having invited a free expression of opinion from the representatives of the different denominations, Rev. Mr. Waterston stated at some length the object of the meeting. He was rejoiced to see so full a meeting, not for a local or sectarian purpose, but for practical, united and noble action upon a subject of vital importance. In our city there is a vast increase of vice and corruption. There are two or three hundred bowling saloons, employing each from twelve to fifteen boys, who are thus brought in contact with intemperance and gambling, and are trained up to fill the jails and prisons of the country. There are many causes for this state of things. Our population and our trade are increasing. The progress of the Temperance cause in the country villages has driven the venders of intoxicating drinks to the city, where they may hide their influence in the crowd.—We have a population of 120,000, and we have only fourteen or sixteen policemen. There should be more, and they should be picked men, men who have sworn allegiance to virtue, and who will wear the badge of integrity on their whole characters, as well as on their hats.—The character of Boston exerts an influence on the whole Union. Every young man who goes from among us exerts a peculiar influence for good or evil. He is something. He is no cipher. He makes a mark wherever he goes.—Let us see to it that none but virtuous young men and virtuous influences shall go from our midst. Let us do something as citizens and as Sabbath School teachers. Let us unite together under one broad banner, form one broad phalanx, and march forward to overthrow the strongholds of vice and sin. Let us show that we do not, as John Bunyan remarked "love religion only when she wears the silver slipper," but that we are ready for action. Rev. Mr. W. then offered the following Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, The Sunday School Teachers of this city are laboring for the moral and religious improvement of the children and youth of all classes, and whereas they view, with the deepest concern, the multiplication of places and facilities presenting the strongest temptations to vice and dissipation, thereby directly counteracting every lesson of virtue and piety; and whereas many of the young have been overcome by these temptations, and allured from paths of sobriety and virtue into those of intemperance and licentiousness, therefore

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by this meeting to prepare a memorial upon this subject, to be signed by all the Sunday School Teachers in this city, and to be presented to our City Authorities, with an earnest appeal that all existing laws against every vice may be enforced, and that these temptations which are calculated to endanger the good character of our citizens, may be removed; and that we pledge ourselves to render all the assistance in our power that the majesty of the law may be sustained, and that the ministers of the law may be protected and supported in the proper discharge of their duties.

Rev. Mr. Howe moved their acceptance, and offered a few remarks. He had seen what Sabbath School teachers had done for the last ten years, and he was glad to see them come forward as a body for action. They meet serious obstacles in their path, and they wish the aid of our City Authorities to remove them. He hoped that the memorial proposed would be signed by every teacher in the city. He knew that another memorial would willingly be signed by the weeping parents of the boys who are allured to vice and destruction; another by the boys themselves, another by the inebriates and their wives. For gladly would they see these places of destruction shut up and the means of sin thus removed from their path.

Rev. Mr. Burton thought that was a lack of moral courage in our Clergymen and Teachers. Every teacher can do something. Let every one feel this and he can do much. If we will all come up to our duty, it will matter little if we do have only fourteen police officers. Two thousand Sabbath School teachers should constitute so strong a body of police, that there will be little need of any other.

Hon. John C. Park dwelt on the responsibility of employers to look after the moral condition of their clerks and apprentices, the increase of vice in the city, and the necessity of creating new laws to prohibit the renting of houses to be used as bowling-alleys, billiard saloons and barrooms.

Mr. Wm. B. Reynolds, of St. Paul's Church spoke of the necessity of personal effort and moral courage, as being of more efficacy than mere law to abolish the vice and sin in our community.

Mr. Wm. Whiting opposed the resolution, and hoped that the Sabbath School teachers would never connect themselves with the city government in this movement.

Rev. Mr. Chapin sustained the Resolution. He did not understand that they would check individual action, or stop with presenting the me-

morial. We want the city government to mask the batteries of vice. Let them give us all the help that they can, and we will go forth and do all that we can.

Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Eustis, Rev. Mr. Oviatt and Deacon Grant also nobly sustained the resolutions, but we have no room for their remarks. On motion of Mr. Eustis, the Resolution was adopted, and a committee of five, consisting of Rev. Charles Brooks, Rev. Mr. Barry, and Messrs. Sleeper, Palmer and Mellen, was appointed to prepare the memorial, to be presented at an adjourned meeting, to be holden on Monday evening next, in the same place.—At about half past nine the meeting was closed with singing the Doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies."

Such is only a very imperfect sketch of the meeting, but our limited time and space will not permit us to do more. We were glad to see the spacious church well filled, and that such a spirit of harmony and union prevailed. We hope that our next meeting will be as fully attended, and that every pastor, superintendent and teacher connected with the schools of our denomination will make it a point to be present. And we trust that the same unanimity will prevail, that the same spirit of charity and love which calls us together, the spirit of our Master will pervade the whole meeting, and prevent aught of harsh denunciation or inflammatory rebuke in any remarks which may be made. This meeting might be called the first "love-feast" of the Sabbath School teachers of Boston. We wish that once or twice every year we might hold such glorious and truly *union* meetings, and take counsel together on some important practical subject. But we would not have any forget that our duty does not end in attending these meetings, in passing resolutions or in signing memorials. These are useful only as the means to arouse individual feeling and action. Let each one remember this and faithfully perform his or her duty. It is an easy thing to make smooth speeches, to give excellent precepts, to form good resolutions, or to sign memorials, but quite another thing to live and act accordingly, to follow the example of our Master, and shed a heavenly influence around us. We hope that our teachers will neglect neither precept nor example, but will go forth and do their whole duty, remembering that personal holiness alone will insure salvation, and that individual action alone will effect the redemption of our city.

A TEACHER.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—In casting my eyes yesterday over a paper I seldom see, the New England Puritan, of the 17th ult., I met with a communication from Mr. Kirk, relating to "Unfinished Letters" of Diderot, Voltaire, &c., which he had seen at Geneva, and had "*been permitted to make a discreet use of them in that paper.*" They relate to an attempt made by some of the Geneva Clergy to obtain from D'Alembert a Disavowal of a charge of Socinianism he had made in the Encyclopedia, art. Geneva. Voltaire, writing on the subject to a friend, playfully assures him, "Il n'y a plus guere d'auto da fe et il y a fort peu de fe," (fee). "There are scarce any more auto da fes, and very few fairies. My dear philosopher, you shall not be burnt. Our friends Servetus and Antonius were the last among certain savages who have since become very civilized. But if they should prepare fagots for you, let me know it; we will come, my niece and I, to extinguish the fire with our syringes," &c. This pun of Voltaire's upon the auto da fe, and fe (fee) fairy, which Mr. Kirk writes (fait) and understands, or strangely misunderstands, to mean truth, or faith, and says "*of these two changes, the last was that which most gratified the wicked old man!*"

How surprising that one who has enjoyed such opportunities to acquire the French Language, should be so slow to apprehend the obvious meaning of the author! If the Rev. Gentleman contemplates giving the public a translation of those interesting papers, it is to be hoped he will so far qualify himself that he may not misrepresent the sentiments of the illustrious dead. Respectfully, F. H. T.

Boston, 5th October, 1846.

For the Register.

COLONIZATION NOTICE.

The *American Colonization Society* will send an expedition to Liberia, to sail from Norfolk, Virginia, about the 15th of November next.—The complement of emigrants is not yet made up. Persons wishing to go, who can be ready at that time, are requested to give us immediate notice, at this office.

Executors and others having slaves under their care intended for this vessel, are respectfully requested to have them ready *in time*.—They should be well supplied with beds, bedding, clothing, cooking and farming utensils, and such other articles as may be necessary for their comfort and happiness.

Any masters having slaves whom they wish to send to Liberia at this, or some subsequent time, are requested to inform us of their number, ages, character, &c., and at what time they will be ready.

There is at present a great demand in Liberia for *Teachers and Ministers of the Gospel*.—The attention of free people of color, who are competent to discharge the duties of either of these professions, is earnestly requested. We shall be happy to hear from them.

The increasing operations of the Society demand enlarged resources. Our friends who are willing to aid us, are earnestly requested to send forward their donations without delay.

Ministers of the Gospel will confer a great favor, and promote a good cause, by laying this subject before their respective churches and taking up a collection, and forwarding it to us *by mail*.

The *Liberia and Chesapeake Packet* is now on the stocks in Baltimore, and will be launched the 1st of November next. She will be a beautiful vessel, and possess every convenience for the transportation of emigrants as well as cabin passengers. She will thence forward make two voyages a year, and will thus furnish regular communication with Liberia.

All letters sent to this office for *citizens of Liberia*, and for the officers and crews of the African squadron, POST PAID, will be forwarded by the first opportunity.

H. McLain, Sec. Am. Col. Soc.

Colonization Rooms, Washington City, Sept. 9, 1846.

The progress of reform must be slow; but that is no reason why we should be slow in doing our part. The raindrops fall not the less swiftly, because many years must elapse before the forest which they water may attain its growth.

[We regret that the following letter of invitation did not reach us in season for our last number. We are glad to publish it to-day, and trust it may confirm some who may be doubting in a purpose to attend the convention.]

TO THE CLERGY AND OTHERS OF THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

Brethren and Friends! The members of the First Congregational Society of Unitarian Christians in Philadelphia, are looking for you next week with great interest, ready to give you a hearty welcome. They hope to receive a full representation of our denominatian in Boston and its vicinity. We trust that, while others are exchanging offices of hospitality with great zeal, our denomination, whose endeavor and mission it is to keep, not a unity of faith, in the shape of a creed, but the unity of the spirit of truth and love, will not be wanting to itself on an occasion like the present.

W. H. Furness.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Third Quarterly Meeting of the Fraternity took place at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior on Sunday evening last.

The President, H. B. Rogers, Esq., presided. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Parkman.

A Report was then read by the Secretary, Rev. R. C. Waterston, giving a statement of what had been done during the last six months—and presenting plans for somewhat enlarged operations in the future. In addition to two ministers who will have charge of Chapels, there will be those who will devote their whole time to visiting, and there will be a Central Office the purposes of which were fully presented in the Report. Very interesting Reports were also read from Rev. Messrs. Burton, Cruft, Barnard, Bigelow—all proving that they had been unwearied in their labors among the poor. We wish all our fellow citizens could have listened to these Reports, containing as they did much valuable information, many impressive and startling facts, and views to which no one could listen without being deeply moved.

The Reports were followed by earnest remarks from the President, Rev. Dr. Parkman, Deacon Grant, Rev. F. T. Gray, Messrs. Seaver, Baker, Hawes and others.

At these Quarterly meetings every clergyman and every delegate should be present. The information presented is too important to be lost and we need all the impulse that such meetings naturally give, to lead us to due fidelity in this great work. There never was a time when this ministry was more needed among us than the present, and every Christian should be ready to give it his hearty co-operation.

ORDINATION OF MR. WINCKLEY.

The Council convened at Bulfinch Street Church for the ordination of Samuel H. Winckley as Minister at Large and Pastor of Pitts Street Chapel at 6 P. M. Sunday, 11th inst.

After the usual preliminary services the council adjourned to the Church for the public service.

The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Cruft, of Suffolk Street Chapel. Selections from the Scriptures were read by Rev. Mr. Gray.

Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Gannett from Luke xiv. 21.—"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt and the blind." Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Chandler Robbins. Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Providence. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Waterston. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Bigelow. Benediction, by Rev. Mr. Winckley.

The audience was crowded and attentive. The Sermon treated fully of the claims of the Ministry at Large upon the churches of Boston.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

A correspondent, fearing that many of our ministers may be prevented from attending this Convention by the expense, asks "why Churches and Societies cannot enable their minister at least to go to this annual occasion, so easy to them, so expensive to him? The expense is the only thing that keeps them back, and the people, I know, would relieve the trouble if they sufficiently considered it."

We do hope that the generous efforts of our friends at Philadelphia may not be disappointed.

OBITUARIES.

THE LATE CHARLES H. ELDREDGE.

There is now and then one who goes out from our crowded house of life, after whom we look when we have said farewell to him at the narrow door—so strangely unaccountable seems his departure and so hard to be reconciled to and believe. Charles H. Eldredge, who was buried on Wednesday at Mount Auburn, was known to most persons in Boston and his look will come up when he is named, as one of the most healthy and fine looking of the young men of the community, and one whose promise of life might have been picked out as the fairest and best worth caring for. He was a robust, joyous and generous looking specimen of manly beauty. And many who were not personally acquainted with him will have been shocked more than by a common death, realizing only the bold and flowering mark thus chosen by the destroyer. But, though this unkept promise of life gives additional suddenness and disappointment to the distress of those who were related to him, it is for very unusual excellence as a son, husband, brother and friend that Eldridge is mourned, and it is for these and an uncommon union of loveable lesser qualities that it seems to me his death requires something more than mere formal mention.

A better man in all the relations just named was not to be found among us, and goodness in these first links outward from the heart, is more worthy of honorable commemoration than much that is more talked of in obituaries. A princely nature, united to all of the every-day virtues, should not go unremarked in a world like this, and such a union was his. Eldridge had found time, amid his assiduous duties as cashier of the Merchant's Bank, to cultivate a fine taste in the arts, and he was a generous friend to Artists, and held himself, by no means an indifferent pencil. He was refined in all his tastes, and the beautiful monument at Mount Auburn, which had been newly completed and graced with a *bas-relief* commemorative of a lovely daughter, shows how poetical and reflective was the character of his mind. We wore not prepared to place him beside it so soon after its completion, but he has been laid in this cold though tasteful bed of his own choosing and adorning, and it will be visited and tearful tribute paid to it, as the grave of one who was the pride and idol of all connected with him.

N. P. W.

MRS. MARY POMEROY.

Died, on the 2d inst. at the residence of her son, John N. Pomroy, Esq., in Burlington Vt. Mrs. Mary Pomeroy, aged 77 years.

This venerable lady was the widow of Dr. John Pomeroy, one of the earlier inhabitants of Burlington, and much respected as a citizen, and as a physician of distinguished eminence. She had herself resided there more than fifty years, having removed thither when a large portion of the site of the present village was covered by the forest. There are few of the inhabitants to whom she was not known, and there are none who knew her, who did not entertain a deep sense of her worth. It was not easy to approach her without being impressed with a sentiment of respect by her unobtrusive excellence, and gentle dignity of manner and of mind. Those who have known her longest bear the most emphatic testimony to her unaffected purity of heart. Nothing had power to ruffle the serenity of her temper; no word of bitterness issued from her lips; she saw the faults of others in the light of charity. When the trials of life fell more heavily upon her, they called forth a beautiful exhibition of patience and meekness. Nor was this repose of character the result of insensibility or indolence. She was always quick to feel, always active, always diligent. The traits of a naturally amiable disposition were confirmed by a deep religious principle, which, though never ostentatiously displayed, was never absent from her heart. For more than twenty years she had been a member of the Unitarian Church in Burlington. In her last hours, she who had led the Christian's life, was supported by the Christian's hope; the veil which separated the visible from the unseen, appeared for the moment to be rent away, that the glory of a better world might dawn upon her closing eye.

In the Exeter News-Letter of the 12th instant we find the following character of Walter Gassett whose death we announced last week.

"Until a few weeks ago, Walter Gassett was a Student in Phillips Exeter Academy. He left school on account of his health, hoping to return soon. But instead of his presence, has come back the news of his death,—the knell of many ties and many hopes. His character was marked by truth and fidelity, and could not but commend itself to all who knew him. His timidity seemed ill fitted for the bustle of a public school, while his evident purity and quick sense of right, made him safe in its temptations. The performance of every school duty was the occasion of a painful struggle against the most childish modesty and self-distrust, while no one could fail to see that his delicate sensitiveness had not blunted his perceptions, and was itself full of promise of future excellence. This shrinking of his nature, which he continually tried to overcome, made him the more dear to his friends The old watched the beautiful unfolding of his character with the strongest interest, and the young loved him for his simplicity and unpretending goodness. His influence was that, which comes from the unobtrusive, independent worth of the school-boy—an influence that works quietly, when he is here, and when he is withdrawn from us, comes home to the minds of those who knew him, in rich and cherished memories.

ISABELLA E. BRIDGE.

Died, October 1st, of consumption, Isabella E., wife of Hudson E. Bridge, and eldest daughter of the late Nathaniel Holland, of Walpole, N. H., in the 27th year of her age.

She was a woman of very lovely character. To the most perfect gentleness of heart and the most winning simplicity of manners, she united unusual maturity of judgment. Her tastes were naturally pure, and being directed by her Christian faith, they became an instinctive love of right, by which she was turned to goodness as if it were her native element. She deeply felt her own sinfulness, but others knew nothing of it; and although surrounded by every thing to make life pleasant and desirable, yet for more than three months, she waited for death with a quiet and cheerful heart, her hopes unclouded by fear, her confidence in God made stronger by suffering. Her mind was unclouded to the end, and her last words, when told that but a few moments remained to her, were, "I am thankful." This is the feebleness of woman made strong by faith in Christ. She leaves a fond husband and two daughters to mourn, to them, her irreparable loss.

W. G. E.

[Mo. Republican.

We publish this extract from the London Inquirer, simply that our readers may see how the cause of anti-slavery and some of its American advocates are regarded in England.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We have reported rather fully in our present Number a public meeting held at the Crown and Anchor, on Monday evening, in furtherance of the objects of the Anti-Slavery League. This new society has been formed by some of the more ardent opponents of Slavery, with an especial view to the state of things in America, and with the hope of bringing the power of public opinion, and the moral influence belonging to it, to bear so strongly on the case of American Slavery, as to contribute something to hasten its abolition. It is, in fact, a society formed under the advice of the leaders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and expressly designed to aid it. The meeting was rendered interesting by the presence of those remarkable men, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, and Frederick Douglass. Their powerful and earnest appeals were listened to with deep attention; and the numerous audience, with one or two exceptions, responded warmly to the sentiments addressed to them, and the resolutions proposed for their adoption.

The peculiar view is, that the holding a fellow-man in bondage, and enforcing his unrequited services, is, in a civilized and Christian community, a *crime of the deepest dye*; that those who are guilty of such conduct ought to be treated as criminals; and that all who sanction them, by treating them as if they had done nothing to forfeit the esteem of society—who join in church communion with them as approved Christians—or who refuse to bear open and distinct testimony against their conduct—are participators in, and encouragers of, the criminality, and ought themselves to be treated as, in other cases, the respectable part of the community treat the abettors of the crimes which disturb the public peace.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. T. B. Fox of this city, from Philippians iv. 13.—"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Subject—"Faith in Christian truth, essential to the progress of the individual and of society."

Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel was one of the passengers in the last steamer. He is one of the most distinguished naturalists in Europe, and comes to this country for purposes connected with his favorite science.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

War in Mexico. Monterey has been taken, with all the usual horrors of war. The best thing in the account is that an *armistice* of *eight* weeks has been agreed on in the articles of capitulation. May those eight weeks prove the seed time of permanent peace.

Quite a Gale. On Tuesday night a very violent blow commenced between 6 and 7 o'clock and lasted until midnight. In the city and country considerable damage was done. Signs disappeared, awnings were torn to shreds, chimneys toppled down and trees were uprooted. The secular papers give a long list of disasters from all quarters, for which we have no room.

☞ If our impressions are correct in regard to Paul de Kock's novels, the accident mentioned below cannot be considered a *calamity* to him or the public, if it shall prevent his writing any more books.

The Esprit Public states that a severe misfortune recently befel Paul de Kock, the novelist. He was at the Chateau Rouge with a party of his friends and relatives; he had given his arm to a lady, when a young man in a state of intoxication rushed upon him, and in so doing violently struck against the thumb of his right hand, breaking the bone and causing also great loss of blood, which was arrested with great difficulty. The sufferer is better, but it is doubtful whether he will ever fully recover the use of his wounded hand.

Germany. The King of Prussia has given orders that the persons implicated in the late Polish outbreak shall be judged in an open court. This is an immense stride towards liberty in a country where all judicial proceedings have hitherto been shrouded in the closest secrecy.

Papal Missions. It is said that the receipts during the year 1845, of the great Roman Catholic society of Lyons, for the propagation of the faith, were $693,000. This large sum is made up chiefly of penny contributions, and much of it expended in America.

Missionary to Rome. An agent of the Foreign Evangelical Society states that the society contemplate sending a colporteur to Rome the coming year. One object is to ascertain whether Rome is willing to admit our missionaries as freely as we admit *hers*.

The census of the city of Rome, which has just been completed, shows that the "eternal city," which at the time of the Cæsars counted no less than two millions and a half, in 1846 contains only 170,-199 inhabitants, belonging to 33,983 families of laymen. Besides these there are 41 bishops, 1,533 priests, 2,815 monks, or members of monastic orders, 1,472 nuns, 520 seminaries, and 329 heretics and Mahometans, besides 8 or 10 thousand Jews, the number of whom they disdained to ascertain, or about 187,000 in all. In 1840, the population of Rome was 154,632.

Liberality of Convicts. The *convicts* in the Massachusetts State Prison have given about 450 volumes of books to Rev. Mr. Williams, for the convicts in the State Prison of Illinois. Mr. Williams resides near the Illinois prison, and visited the Prison at Charlestown a few weeks ago, when he stated that in Illinois, the convicts were destitute of religious or moral culture.

Legacy Extraordinary. Mr. Isaac Franklin, of Sumner Co., Tennessee, who died in April last, left a large fortune, $600,000, which he gave by will, to be appropriated to a seminary of learning in Sumner Co.

City Mission. The Eastern District Association, (Episcopal) has employed the Rev. Dr. Packard to act as missionary for the present year. The Association has pledged itself to raise $1000 for missionary purposes in the district this year.

Converts to Romanism. According to an English Review, says the "Christian Witness"—"The whole number of clergy in the Church of England and Ireland, is about 16,000, and the whole number of churches 14,000, and the whole number of the laity about 16,000,000. Out of these, in five years, as we learn from English works and authors, *thirty-five* clergymen, and *eighty-five* laymen have gone to the Romish Church. But no Bishop, no congregation, no prominent clergyman but Mr. Newman, has gone over.

From the October number of the same Review, the progress of the Protestant Church of Ireland, is thus exhibited, p. 40; "On the whole it appears, that about 600 churches, or more than the whole number of parish churches in Ireland, have required *enlargement* in the course of the last ten years.

Thus showing on the whole, 600 cases of enlargement (of churches,) 86 of rebuilding, often with enlargement, and about one hundred wholly new churches.

No year passes in which we do not hear of conversions amongst the Romish priesthood (to the English Church). In fact, the apostacies of English clergymen to Rome, which have caused so much shame and indignation, have been *more than counbalanced numerically* by conversions from Romanism in Ireland"

French Episcopacy. The Catholic Church of France is at present divided into 14 archbishoprics and 68 bishoprics, including Algiers. Amongst the dignitaries who at this moment fill these different sees, there is one whose nomination dates as far back as the period of the consulate—being Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne, bishop of Arras, who was consecrated May 16, 1802. All the archbishops and bishops named by the imperial government, have disappeared. There are only 11 remaining who were named under the restoration. The government of July has appointed the 14 archbishops, and 55 bishops, or 69 out of 81. The senior of the French prelates, with regard to appointment, is therefore the Bishop of Arras, who has held his high dignity for more than 44 years. The oldest prelate is Mons. de Pons, Bishop of Moulins, who is now in his 88th year. The Catholic Church of France has only two Cardinals—Mons. de Bonald, archbishop of Lyons, and Mons. de la Tour d'Auvergne, bishop of Arras. [Pilot.

☞ In these extracts from an editorial in the Chronotype have not a little healthful good sense. There is a still higher tone and a deeper religious philosophy which may be used in talking about human life: and that without leaving out mirth and music, sunshine and flowers. But as far as they go, and they go a fair distance in a right course, these are true words.

Rien de trop is the great French maxim—*nothing too much*, in literal English. The world is always cursing itself by a violation of that maxim. On one side or the other the multitude seem determined to make themselves miserable. A precious few manage to keep themselves on the golden mean, and they are always sunny-faced, warm hearted, and full of comfort and honor.

As to amusements, parties, dances, plays, &c., the middle path on which we would walk seems to be almost deserted; on one side are a set of people who may be called the party and play-going public. They live in parties, theatres, just as thousands of Chinese families do in their boats. On the other hand, there is a sort of people who are always denouncing amusements of this sort as sinful, and whenever they participate in them, do it with an evident presentiment of penance to come. They sit at home in a sort of constant fear and terror lest they should fall into amusement by stress of temptation. For the sake of making home holy, they would make it gloomy, dull, and stupid. Why do not these people abolish the eight notes of the octave, the seven colors of the rainbow, and all lines but straight ones? Why do they not abstain from all delicious tastes and aromatic odors? Why do they ever eat cake when it would be much less sensual to eat plain bread? How can they bear to listen to the birds or look at the flowers? Why do they not rebuke the fun and frolic of nature which is bursting out on every side? Why do they not take the ocean to task for the foam on its awful billows?

But he who sits down to make his life *all* amusement takes the foam and froth for the liquid. Amusement, in such a world as this, and probably in any world, bears but a very small proportion to the rest of a wise and happy life, not larger, probably, than the blossoms do to the roots, wood, bark, leaves and fruit of a tree. The effort to make a happy life entirely out of amusements is as futile as it would be to make a good dinner entirely of spice. The body of life must be solid. It must consist of labor and study. It must be serious. It must, in fact, amount even to a struggle to achieve something that is great and difficult. Neither man, woman nor child can be exempt from this law. Amusement is relaxation, unbending, releasing. How can you relax, or unbend, or release, what is already loose? It is only the mind that has been trained and tasked that can know the true pleasure of amusement. To such a mind there is a zest in occasional relaxation, in fine sights, and fine music, which the palled senses of mere pleasure-seekers can never know, and they come back to their toil with a relish, a depth of joy, which no amusement of itself ever imparted.

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. The meeting of the Sabbath School Teachers of Boston, holden on Monday evening, Oct. 12th, at the Central Congregational Church, being adjourned to Monday evening next, Oct. 19th, at the same place, there will be no regular meeting of the Union.

It is to be hoped that every Pastor, Superintendent and Teacher connected with our denomination, will be present at the adjourned meeting above mentioned.

o17 T. GAFFIELD, Sec'y.

☞ NOTICE. The Cheshire Pastoral Association will hold its next meeting at the house of Rev C. Cutler, in Peterboro', on Tuesday, 27th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. A. A. LIVERMORE, Scribe.

☞ The SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, in connection with the above will hold its annual meeting in the Rev Mr Cutler's meeting house, in Peterboro', on Tuesday, 27th inst, at 2 o'clock, P. M. An Address is expected from Rev Charles Brooks, one of the Boston S. School Agents. M. W. WILLIS, Sec.

o17

☞ A CONVENTION IN BOSTON. A Convention will be held in this city, at Washingtonian Hall, on Thursday, the 22d inst, to consider the whole question of the Treatment of the Criminal, both while he is in the prison and after he is discharged. Meeting will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Hall is 36 Washington street. o17

☞ WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. The next meeting is postponed a week from the usual time. The brethren will assemble at the house of Rev Mr Hill, in Worcester, at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, Oct 27.

o17 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ The Anniversary Sermon in behalf of the Fatherless and Widows' Society will be delivered by the Rev Dr Vinton, at St. Paul's Church, To-morrow Evening, Oct 18th, at 7 o'clock. The pews in the centre of the church will be reserved for gentlemen. o17

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Neale, Mr Levi Limson, of Brattleboro', Vt., to Miss Martha A. Fellows of Boston.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev Mr Neale, Mr Oliver Crocker, of Barnstable, to Mrs Martha A. Johnson of Chelsea.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Richard Weeks to Miss Hannah M. Davis.

On Sunday evening, by Rev Mr Clarke, Mr Josiah J. Munroe, to Miss Adaline Dodge, both of Boston.

8th inst, by Rev Mr Merrill, Mr Thomas Bagnell, jr., to Miss Bethiah G., daughter of F. M. Dyer, Esq.

In Somerville, 12th inst., by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr Ebenezer B. Spaulding to Miss Cemantha Field.

In Charlestown, 12th inst., by Rev Geo. E. Ellis, Mr John Henry, of C. to Miss Mary E., daughter of Mr Abel Rugg of Lancaster.

In Somerville, on Monday, by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr Ebenezer B. Spaulding to Miss Cemantha Field.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday, William B. son of Noah Childs, 24 years.

10th inst, Mrs Elizabeth A. wife of E. Baylies, Esq., 47.

9th inst., after a short illness, Miss Frances M. daughter of Mr Nathaniel Clark, 26.

In Charlestown, 12th inst., Miss Betsey, daughter of Eli P. and Catherine M. Weeman, 16½ years.

In Quincy, 7th inst., Mr Henry Hardwick, 82.

In Cambrige, 11th inst, Addison, son of Mr Alfred Dorr, 2 years. 5 mos.

In Ashby, 8th inst, Mary Catherine, second daughter of Rev W. P. Huntington, 4 yrs.

In Portsmouth, 3d inst, Margaret Foster, formerly of Boston, 64.

In Dorchester Mrs Mary Ann, wife of Geo. W. Bryant of Medford, and daughter of Thomas Pearson of D. aged 22.

In Salem, Mrs Abigail, widow of the late Mr John Lefavor, 2d, formerly of Topsfield, aged 96—a U. S. pensioner. Her husband served as a soldier in the Revolution.

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The Directors have permission to refer to Robert G. Shaw, Esq., Messrs. J. E. Thayer & Bro., Johnson, Sewall & Co., G. S. Hillard, Esq., H. Inches, Jr. Esq. Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, Hon. John G. Rogers, J. W. Paige, Esq., C. W. Cartwright, Esq., Samuel A. Appleton, Esq.

All necessary information will be furnished by

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MORAL PHILOSOPHY. In press, a System of Moral Philosophy, adapted to children and families and especially to Common Schools, by Rev D. Steele and Geo. Jones, in one small volume. The manuscript has been examined and recommended by President Day, George B. Emerson, Professor Silliman, S. S. Randall, Esq., (Deputy Sup. of Com. Schools in the State of New York,) Bishop Potter, Dr Durbin.

Will be published in a few weeks, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st.

o17 3t

LETTERS TO RELATIVES AND FRIENDS. Second Edition Letters addressed to Relatives and Friends, chiefly in reply to arguments in support of the doctrine of the Trinity; by Mary S. B. Dana, author of Southern and Northern Harps, Parted Family, &c.

"This title sufficiently explains the character of this book. Mrs. Dana, it is well known, was educated in the Orthodox faith, being the daughter of the venerable Dr Palmer of Charleston, S. C. Her "Harps," breathing sweet music and sweeter piety, gained her some celebrity as a poet and a lady of the finest sensibilities. On changing her sentiments and becoming a Unitarian, she received numerous letters, as she states, some of them rebuking her indiscreet haste in adopting a new faith. In answering these letters she made a book, the object being of course, to prove that whereas she was wrong, now she is right. For ourselves, we like her former writings better than these." [Boston Recorder.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t o17

UNITARIAN ANNUAL REGISTER, for 1847. In press, and will shortly be published, The Unitarian Annual Register, for 1847, compiled by Rev A. A. Livermore. Early orders from Booksellers and others are solicited.

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
o17 is4t 118 Washington st.

MARRIED LIFE, New Edition. CROSBY & NICHOLS, have in press and will publish in a week or ten days, a new edition of Married Life, by Eliza Lee Follen.

Also, a second series of Nursery Songs, by the same author.

They have for sale a few copies Poems, by the author of Married Life, &c. Also, a Memoir of Charles Follen, by the same.

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SOAP STONE QUARRY, AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The subscriber is now opening at Blandford, a valuable and extensive Quarry of Soap Stone, which is superior to any other substance for lining Stoves, Furnaces and Fire Places. The fire has no effect upon it. From four to six tons of the stone is at the Depot of the Western Railroad at Russell, where it may be examined and purchased.

I am also making Machines for Straw Cutting, and offer them for sale, at my shop in Blandford. This machine may be seen and also purchased at Bagg & Parson's Agricultural Store in Springfield.

JOHN OSBORN.
Blandford, Oct 17, 1846. ft

GREENWOOD CEMETERY. Greenwood Illustrated in a series of Picturesque and Monumental Views, in highly finished Line Engraving; from Drawings taken on the spot. By James Smillie. The literary department by N. Cleaveland. Price 50 cents per number. Subscriptions received by

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THE CHILD'S FRIEND, No. 1, Vol 7. For October.

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Letters to a Young Friend,
How to have a Pleasure,
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We're Brethren A',
How Sdint Eloy was cured of Vanity,
Little Things,
Child's Hymn,
Christianity.

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HARVARD ANNUAL CATALOGUE. A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University at Cambridge, for the academical year 1846-7. This day published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No. 134 Washington, oppos

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

'Tis sweet to see the setting sun
In beauty sink to rest,
When golden banners round him wave
And glory fills his breast;
'Tis sweet to see the flowers die,
They fold their leaves in prayer,
And from their dewy altars pour
Their breath out sweetly there.

But sweeter far when children die,
As though too pure for earth—
For this sad world in which we live
Where every pain has birth;
And so in mercy angels come
From their sweet home of light,
And 'neath their viewless wings, with them
They wing their heavenly flight,

They leave us, but their sunset sky
Is not pursued by night,
For thoughts of them will fill our minds—
They never leave our sight!
They leave us, but they ne'er depart
Like fragrance from the flowers,
Their recollections are to us
The perfume of our hours.

And when I tread the darksome room
Where death so lately trod,
I cannot think the child is soon
To lie beneath the sod;
It seems so like an angel's form,
I joy within my breast,
And scarcely dare to tread the floor,
Lest I disturb its rest.

Hubbardston, Mass.

BLINDNESS NOT LONELINESS.

Oh she looketh lonely there
In her high-back rocking chair,
With her knitting in her hands;
Swift as light her fingers go;
And her hair like driven snow
Lieth smooth in silver bands.

But no light is in her eye,
Though 'tis blue as summer sky:
Well it is she cannot see
Narrow room and smoky wall,
Now her mind can picture all
Round her *fair as fair can be!*

Is she lonely? no for she
Hath a guest there constantly;
Who is there? the King of Kings!
Breathing comfort all around,
Talking to her without sound,
Of the spirits' better things.

None so poor He will not come
Bringing peace unto their home!
None so low He will not hear—
None so high they may not bow
On His presence humbly low;
None so vile they are not dear!

Though without as darkest night,
God hath said, "Let there be light!"
In the Blind one's world within!
And its flowers are brought to view,
Bright as heart flowers ever grew
When unchoked by weeds of sin!

Better is it to be blind
To the *Outward* though 'tis lined
With a beautiful array,
Than, having eyes, to see not
The *soul's world* with beauties fraught,
Which shall never pass away.

[Salem Gazette. ANNA.

THE COMING DAYS.

Air—"*The days when we went gypsying.*"

BY W. J. LINTON.

O, the days when we are freemen all, whenever that shall be,
Will surely be the worthiest that earth can ever see:
When man unto his fellow-man, whatever may befall,
Holds out the palm of fellowship, and Love is lord of all;
When man and woman, hand in hand, along life's pathway go;
And the days of youthful joy eclipse the sorrow long ago.

O, the days when we are freemen all, when equal rights and laws
Shall rule the commonwealth of earth, amid a world's applause;
When equal rights and duties claim the care of all,
And man, as man, beneath high heaven assumes the coronal;
When the day of Pentecost is come, when the poor man's hearth shall be
An altar for the beacon-fire of Peace and Liberty.

O, the days when we are freemen all, the days when thoughts are free
To travel as the winds of heaven toward their destiny;
When man is sovereign of himself and to himself the priest,
And crowned Wisdoms recognize the manhood of the least.
Then God shall walk again with man, and fruitful converse grow,
As in the noon of Paradise, a long time ago.

But holier still shall be the day when human hearts shall dare
To kneel before one common Hope, the common toil to share;
When Love shall throw his armor off, to wrestle with the fear—
The *selfishness* which is the seal upon the sepulchre.
Hark to the Voices of the Years! the springtide of their glee—
Love hath o'ercome the prophecy; Humanity is free!

[People's Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

A TRUE STORY.

In the evening of the day on which Alice arrived at S———, a great Temperance meeting was to be held in one of the churches. Her friend, who had become enthusiastic in the cause, urged her to go to his meeting, which Alice did, although with reluctance. The house was crowded above and below. The preliminaries usually appertaining to such meetings having been arranged, a brief opening address was made by one of the ministers. A reformed man then related his experience with great effect.—After he had finished, there was a pause of nearly a minute. At length a man, who had been seated far back, with his face partly turned from the audience, arose slowly, and moved to the front of the stage.

A half suppressed exclamation escaped Alice, as her eyes caught the well known features of him who had been her husband, while a quick thrill ran through her. Then her frame trembled in accordance with her fluttering heart.—The face of Mr. Delaney had greatly changed since she last looked upon it. Its calm, dignified elevation had been restored, but what a difference! "Mr. President," he began in a broken voice, "although I had consented at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly to night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word and could not violate it. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. Would to heaven that just ten years of my life were blotted out."

The speaker here paused a moment, already much affected. Then resuming in a firmer voice, he said:

"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce.

Pictures of real life touch the heart with power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fade from the perception like figures in a diorama.

Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar in a neighboring State. Nay, more than that—he represented his county for three years in the Assembly of the Commonwealth. And more than that still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods."

At this announcement the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly.

"And yet more than all that," he continued, his voice sinking into a low thrilling tone—"he had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all those honors—all those blessings have departed from him," he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his efforts to control himself. "He was unworthy to retain them!

His constituents threw him off because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And worse than all—she who had loved him devoutly—she who had borne him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to abase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-stricken from me? Alas! my friends, it was a mad indulgence in mockery! A very demon—a Circe, changing the human into the bestial. But for this, I were now an honorable and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country's good, and blessed in the home circle with wife and children.—But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sank rapidly.

A state of perfect sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts: I therefore drank more freely, and was rarely, if ever, from under the bewildering effects of intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years, but never once saw her during that time—nor a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in my life, that my wife, urged on by her friends, filed an application for a divorce, and as a cause could easily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional canvass I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district. I left the county and State where I had lived from my boyhood up.

Three years have passed since then. For two years of the period, I abandoned myself to the fearless impulse of the appetite I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement—the great Temperance cause. At first I sneered, then wondered, hesitated, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was swelling onward, in the hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger, and I did not hope with vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have deemed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I had lost—but not all—not the richest treasure that I proved myself unworthy to retain—not my wife and children. Ah! between myself and these, the law has laid its stern, impassable interdiction. I have no longer a wife; no longer children; though my heart goes out towards those dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle; I see ever before me the once placid face of my Alice, as her eye looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twine around my neck, the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ear."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him.—His utterance became choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs.—The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half stifled sobs. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing the aisle. This was not observed by Delancy until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. The movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes, they instantly fell on Alice—for it was she that was pressing onward—he bent towards her with sudden uplifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue until she had gained the stand and advanced quietly by his side. For a moment they two stood thus, the whole audience, thrilled with the scene were upon their feet and bending forward. Then Delancy opened his arms and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick and wild gesture. Thus for the space of a minute they stood—every one, by a singular intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward and gently separated them.

"No, no," said Delancy, "you must not—you cannot take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should do that," replied the minister. "By your confession she is not your wife."

"No, she is not," replied Delancy, mournfully.

"But she is ready to renew her vows again," Alice said, smiling through her tears, that now rained over her face.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, was said in a broken voice, the marriage ceremony that gave Delancy and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man with thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his aged eyes, that streamed with drops of gladness, he said in a solemn voice,

"What God hath joined together let not RUM part asunder."

"AMEN!" was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.

AGRICULTURE AS AN OCCUPATION.

A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator thus discourses upon the choice of a profession:

A sentiment has prevailed, and I fear yet prevails to an alarming extent, that the practical farmer occupies a place in society a grade lower than the professional man, the merchant, or than many other laborers. Many of our youth have imbibed this sentiment, and have been encouraged in it by the fond but injudicious parent.—Thus, not a few who might otherwise have been useful members of society, have been thrown upon the world, mere pests to the community. I have certainly no antipathies to the learned professions, the mercantile business, or mechanical employments. These are all necessary and important; but I insist that agriculture is neither less important, or less honorable, or less useful.

The difficulty is not so much in the several *kinds* of business, as in the fact, that an *undue proportion* of our fellow citizens are engaged in the former, to the neglect of the latter; and more than all, that the sentiment which I have suggested, prevents multitudes from engaging in either.

From my own observation, in a life of more than 45 years, and looking back and following the history of my early associates, and from a somewhat extended acquaintance with the world, I am fully of the opinion that *that* sentiment is one of the most fruitful sources of idleness and crime, of any that can be named. And yet, what multitudes of young men and guardians act, or seem to act, under its influence.

I knew a man in my early boyhood, who has a *profession*, but very little else, (except a numerous family) who was often heard to say, that *his* sons should never be farmers, let what would come. Those sons are now vagabonds, except one, who has already come to an untimely end. His daughters married *gentlemen*, and are both living in abject poverty. This is only one among the multitude of cases which might be mentioned. Still, men will pursue the same path.

I know a farmer with two sons—smart active lads, enjoying good health, who, not long since, *rented* his farm, that he and his boys might live easier. I was inclined to say to that father, take care, sir, that you train not those fine young fellows to idleness, dissipation and vice.

God made man an agriculturist, and while in a state of innocence, his first business was to till the ground. And in every age of the world, some of the greatest and the best men have been farmers. Job and Abraham were farmers; Washington and Jackson were farmers—as also a multitude of worthy names and noble spirits, who, like them, have blessed the world with examples of greatness and honorable deeds. And I rejoice to know that many in our own time, of highly cultivated intellect, and enlarged views, and worldly competence, are proud to be ranked among practical farmers.

Far better had it been for the world had the number been tenfold greater. Far better were it for the present generation, if in the choice of an employment, parents and their sons would view the subject as these have done; and let those sons be directed in their choice to the same wise results. Thus, much of the idleness and crime which are exerting such a fearful influence upon us, would never have existed. Many of the *temptations* to vice would have been avoided.

I know a father, engaged in a profession, who has an only son, for whose interest he has ever felt the deepest solicitude. When that son was 16, like many lads of his age, he manifested a strong desire to engage as a clerk in a store. The father felt that agriculture was an *equally* honorable business—much safer, and more free from temptation; yet he did not wish absolutely to *compel* to a course averse to his own choice. He therefore engaged a place for him with a merchant of his acquaintance, to be occupied in a few months, on condition that the son should still persist in his determination.—He then took the son alone, and informed him that he had procured such a place; at the same time pointing out, in a kind manner, the advantages and disadvantages of the mercantile business, and of agriculture. He told him that he was now of an age that he must choose for himself. That whichever way he should now decide, he would be aided as much as practicable—that *that* decision must be final—that he might reflect upon the subject one week, and then let his decision be known.

At the close of the week, he decided "to be a farmer," to the joy of his father. From that day onward, he has pursued steadily his course—is now pleasantly situated on a comfortable farm, and is proud, at home and abroad, to be known as a farmer.

Would it not be wise for many a father and son, to imitate this example! R. A. A.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

WALKS IN CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The years of my childhood passed away in humble and peaceful simplicity. I loved the shadow of high rocks, and the free music of the brooks in summer. My heart was full of gladness, though it scarcely knew why. I found companionship among the beautiful and tuneful things of nature, and was happy all the day. But when evening darkened the landscape, I sat down mournfully. There was no brother into whose hands I might put my own, and say, "Lead me forth, to look at the solemn stars, and tell me of their names." Sometimes, too, I wept in my bed, because there never must be a sister, to lay her gentle head upon the same pillow.

Often at twilight, before the lamp was lighted, there came up out of my brotherless and sisterless bosom, what seemed to be a companion. I talked with it, and it comforted me. I did not know that its name was *Thought*. But I waited for it, and whatsoever it asked of me, I answered.

It questioned me of my knowledge. And I said, I knew where the first fresh violets of spring grew, and when the sweet lily of the vale comes forth from its broad, green sheath, and where the vine climbs to hide its purple grapes, and how the nut ripens in the forest, after the autumn comes with its sparkling frost. I knew how the bee is nourished in winter, by that essence of flowers which her industry embalms; and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of the domestic animals, and to know the names of the birds that build their nests in my father's trees.

But Thought inquired of me, "What knowledge hast thou of those who reason, and have dominion over the things that God hath created?" Then I confessed, "Of my own race, save of those who nurture me, do I know nothing."

I was troubled at my ignorance. So I went forth more widely, and earnestly regarded what was passing among men.

Once I walked abroad, when the dews of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lilies dropped their beautiful bells, as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song into the hearts of even her silent children. But I looked only on those whose souls have been the gift of reason, and who are not born to die. I said, if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day, and in the bird that bears to its nest but a single crumb of bread, and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother, what must it be in those who are surrounded with good things as with a flowing river, and whose knowledge need have no limit but life, and who know, that though they seem to die, it is to live forever.

Then I looked upon a group of children. Their garb was neglected, and their locks uncombed. They were unfed and untaught, and clamored loudly, with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me.

I heard two friends speak harsh and violent words to each other, and turned away affrighted at the blows they dealt.

I saw a man with a bloated and fiery countenance. He seemed strong as the oak among the trees, yet were his steps more unsteady than the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and I wondered no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

I saw an open grave. A poor widow stood near it with her little ones. Yet, methought their own sufferings had set a deeper seal upon them, than sorrow for the dead.

Then I marvelled what it could be, that made the father and mother not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness; and the friends forget their early love; and the strong man fall down senseless; and the young die before his time. And a voice answered, "it is *intemperance*." Yea, it hath wrought many other evils, and there is mourning throughout the land because of this."

So I returned, sorrowing. Had God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and said, "touch not your lips, I pray you, to the poison cup, but let us drink the pure water which God hath blessed, all the days of our life."

Again I went forth, and attentively looked on what passed around. I met a beautiful boy weeping. I said, "Why dost thou mourn?" And he replied, "My father went to the wars, and is dead. He will come back to me no more."

I saw a hoary man. He sat by the way side. His head rested on his bosom. His garments were old, and his flesh wasted away. Yet he asked not for charity. I said, "Why is thy heart sad?" He answered, "I had a son, an only one. I toiled from his cradle, that he might be fed and clothed, and taught wisdom. He grew up to bless me. All my labor and weariness were forgotten. I knew no want, for he cherished me. But he left me to be a soldier. On the field of battle he fell. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul shall return no more."

I said, "Show me a field of battle, that I may know what war means!"

But he said, "Thou art not able to bear the sight. I will tell thee what I have seen when the battle was done. A broad plain, covered with the dead, and those who struggled in the pains of death. The earth trampled, and stained with blood. Wounded horses rolling upon their riders, and tearing with their hoofs the mangled forms that lay near them. And for every man that was there in his blood and agony, how bitter must be the mourning of the parents who reared him, or of the wife whom he protected, or of the young children who sat upon his knee. Yet is this but a little part of the misery that war createth."

Then I said, "Tell me no more, I beseech thee, of battle or of war, for my heart is sick."

When I saw the silver haired man raise his eyes upwards, I kneeled down by his side. And he prayed, "Lord, keep this child from anger and hatred and ambition, which are the seeds of war. And grant to all, who take the name of Jesus Christ, peaceable and meek hearts, that, shunning the deeds of strife, they may dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven."

THE LETTER.

The following is a true story about a little boy in Germany:—

This little boy, whom we will call Frank, was only six years old: he had lost his father, and was by this sad event deprived of the means of continuing his education. Now, this was a great grief to Frank, for he was not like some children who are quite pleased to be idle, and very glad when their master is away and cannot teach them. Frank knew he was ignorant, and had much to learn before he could become a good or useful man; and his greatest desire was, that he might be admitted into a school, founded by those pious Christians called Moravians, where children are taught to know and love Jesus Christ, and many things besides, which it is necessary for them to learn, in order to gain their living.

His poor mother wished it as much as he did; but, without money, without friends, poor and unknown, he had but little to expect in this world. Happily for our young orphan, he had heard of Him "who is rich in mercy" to all who call upon him: and of Jesus, who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This poor little boy trusted simply and entirely in this good Savior; and was most anxious to make his distress known to him: "But how can I go to Jesus?" said he. "I will write to him, and tell him every thing." This he immediately set about doing, and wrote nearly the following words:

"My Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—I have lost my father; we are very poor; but I know that thou tellest us in thy word, that whatever we shall ask God in thy name, he will give it to us. I believe what thou sayest, Lord Jesus. I pray then unto God, in the name of Jesus, that he will give my mother the means of placing me in the Moravian school. I should like so much to continue to be taught. I pray unto thee, good Jesus, to do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee still more. Give me also wisdom, and everything that is good."

He then folded up the letter, directed it, and looking very grave all the time, but yet very happy, (for he felt sure his Savior would answer it,) he carried it to the post-office.

Now, you may perhaps think that Frank was very foolish, and may wonder that a boy who knew Jesus Christ, and was no doubt in the habit of saying his prayers every day, should be ignorant that the way to ask anything of God is to pray to him; and that he can hear the softest whisper, or know our thoughts and wishes, even when we do not put them into words. However, you must not be in too great haste to blame the little boy. Recollect how young he was, and this was probably the first worldly trouble he had ever had on his mind. No doubt he had often asked Jesus to change his heart, to give him his Spirit, to make him a holy and a happy child. He may too have begged him to bless his dear father and mother; but now he wanted money to pay for his schooling, and this perhaps seemed to him quite a different thing from praying for spiritual blessings; and, therefore, in his simplicity, he thought he must set about it in quite another way. Besides this, so young a child would not know much about the post. Very likely he had heard it was the quickest way of sending messages to our friends at a distance, and of getting answers from them; and as he had read in his Bible, that Jesus Christ had gone up into heaven, and heaven seemed to him very far off, he probably thought he had found out the best way of sending to the Lord Jesus Christ to tell his troubles.

It was therefore quite an act of faith in little Frank; and you will hear how God, who looks at the heart, rather than at the manner in which things are done kindly condescended to answer him.

The post-master, seeing the direction thought that the letter was from some foolish or mad person, and therefore threw it aside for a time: but when he had sent off all the other letters, he took it up again, looked at the writing, and saw it was that of a child. He opened it, and was much affected by reading this infant prayer. He showed it to a friend of his, who was a Moravian, and who took the letter and read it at a meeting of the Moravian Society. There was a rich and kind lady present, the Baroness de la Lippe, and when she heard it read, it seemed to her like a message from her Savior, to tell her to take care of one of his "little ones." Accordingly, she took the young orphan under her protection, and placed him at the school where he so much desired to be. Thus, you see, though the letter itself never reached heaven, yet the prayer contained in it did; and so will all prayers, which, like this little child's, are offered up in faith, and in the name of Jesus: for has he not said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do?" John xiv. 13.

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THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:

[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.
Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.
Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]
Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.
J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.
H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families:
Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
Rev Samuel Barrett, do.
Lucius M. Sargent, Roxbury.

Also, Badger's Vapor Apparatus, to be used with or without the Shower Bath; Bathing Tubs and Pans; Roman Hip or Sitz Baths; Leg, Head, Feet, Arm and Elbow Bathing Vessels; Foot Tubs and Pneumatic Baths; Hair Mittens and Rubbers; Bathing Caps, &c. &c. L. V. BADGER, 49 Congress st.
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Teachers of common schools who have learned to sing, can, from these books, teach their scholars to read music and not to sing tunes by rote.

They should be used in all Juvenile and Grammar Schools, and in adult classes wherever a portion of the scholars have never before learned to sing.

In schools where they are not used as a class book, they are recommended to those who have not learned as by their help they will more easily understand other books.

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The book was enlarged upon publication of the 'six teenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns.—Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington st., (up stairs.)
March 28 tf

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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

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